The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 15, 1895.

The Week.

The treaty has been signed at last, and we are the possessors of Cuba and Porto Rico and of as much of the Philippines as the Spaniards possessed, which is not much. We presume there is little doubt that the Senate will confirm it. Our next business will be to organize a colonial service for the civilization and government of the islands, on the same lines as the army and navy. We trust the optimists will not now drop all attention to this matter and leave it in the hands of the President, while they pass their time loafing on the "glory-crowned heights." We can assure them they will find it far more serious work than rejoicing over victories; demanding more thought and care and conscience. We doubt extremely, also, whether Destiny or Duty has said a word to the President about it. His failure to make any allusion to it in the message last week looks ominous. But we ought not for that reason to keep silent about it. Duty and Destiny often behave very queerly. Their relations with Mr. Hanna are said by the gossips not to be exactly what they should be; but people will talk.

The bill proposed for the government of Hawaii is very much what was expected. It is distinctly a measure for continuing the present oligarchical government of the islands. It is, indeed, so extreme in the powers it bestows upon the Governor of the new Territory that even President Dole, who has stuck at few things during the last five years, takes alarm, fears that the liberties of the people will be as much endangered as they were under the monarchy, and files a protesting minority report. All these things, together with the enlightened provisions of the bill—such as the judicial determination of contested elections—will be at least perfunctorily debated in both houses of Congress, and the public will hear and learn more of them. We hope to hear speedily, however, from the missionary annexationists what they think of the plan for making the lot of the Chinese in Hawaii wretched. Could the tender mercies of the wicked devise greater hardships for them than the bill does which cheerfully contemplates deporting them as "unlawfully in the United States"?

Representative Hull's bill for the enlargement of the army is plainly a great improvement on Gen. Miles's plan for eighty-three regiments, a great staff, and many high-titled officers. There is true economy and military wisdom in Mr. Hull's proposal to increase the number of enlisted men to 145 to the company, but there is no good reason why this figure should not be raised to 300, thus doing away with the fourteen new regiments asked for by Mr. Hull. Two striking features of the bill, which relate directly to our colonial ventures, are the enlargement of the Medical Corps from 902 to nearly 4,000 officers and men, and an increase of 25 per cent. in the pay of all soldiers serving in sub-tropical countries. Like Gen. Miles's bill, which would create at least 2,350 vacancies in the line—more than the West Point of to-day could fill in thirty years—Mr. Hull's bill gives great opportunities for the appointment of volunteers, untrained civilians, and political incompetents; opportunities which have already led to the charge in the Baltimore *Sun* that each member of the House has been offered the appointment of two lieutenants for his vote for the Miles bill. Representative Hull, too, fails to see the crying need of a general staff, and is ready to reward the proved inefficiency of the supply departments by retaining them and by a 40 per cent. increase in the number of their officers.

Senator Morgan discharged all manner of threats against Nicaragua in the report made by him last week as chairman of the committee on the interoceanic canal. He hinted strongly that there was considerable reason for our taking possession of that country and building a canal through it by force and violence. As the charter granted to the Maritime Canal Company provides that it "shall be transferable in no case to governments, or to foreign public Powers," it seemed inevitable that the passage of the pending bill, which provides that the Government of the United States shall acquire control of it by the ownership of its stock, would be an attack upon the sovereignty of Nicaragua, and would bring us into armed collision with her. Senator Morgan seems now to be boldly facing this contingency. He argues that the circumstances of the concession point to the conclusion that it contemplates a charter to be granted to the United States. "In this attitude," says the report, "the duties and the responsibilities of Nicaragua are very high, if they do not even rise to the dignity of solemn pledges and responsibilities to the United States, whose intervention is sought in the chartering of the corporation." Reference is made in the report to a provision in the charter for arbitration of disputed points. But it is evidently no part of the Morgan plan to wait for an arbitration of any kind, since his bill provides for an immediate cancellation of the outstanding stock of the company by an issue of $5,000,000 of bonds to be guaranteed by the United States. This means buying out the present company with $5,000,000, the Government to step into its shoes. In other words, the United States is to buy a disputed charter for $5,000,000 and take the risk of its proving to be valid, in the face of a provision which declares it to be invalid in the hands of any government or foreign public Power. Of course, the $5,000,000 of bonds will have no present value except such as the Government's guarantee gives. The upshot of the whole matter is, that the report contemplates hostilities between the United States and Nicaragua unless the latter surrenders what she has heretofore held to be an essential part of her sovereignty. At this juncture, too, President McKinley sends a message to Congress recommending the building of a canal through Nicaraguan territory to be controlled by us, although we have a treaty with Great Britain which provides that we shall never acquire or exercise such exclusive control. No wonder the message is received with surprise by the Power with which the treaty was made.

Some colleague will soon charge Senator Hoar with being a pessimist, and with having lost faith in God and man, if he keeps on finding fault with the President. He strongly objected last week to Mr. McKinley's practice of sending Senators all over the world on his diplomatic errands. But the historical precedents are strong in favor of the President's power to choose Senators as his agents, if he wishes to. The only reason why it appears a little hard on the Senate just now is, that Mr. McKinley has such a lot of diplomacy on hand. Two Senators had to go to Hawaii and three to Paris, and two had to serve on the Joint High Commission, but this only shows how busy we must be, and how there is work for all, when we take to expanding. What Senator Hoar is really protesting against is a dummy President, who not only asks the Senate to ratify treaties, but to go off and make them in the first place to suit itself. Mr. Hoar thinks this practice tends to tie up the Senate in advance to approval of its own work, and it does look that way. But was he any better suited a few years ago when a vigorous Executive worked independently of the Senate? We think not. In fact, we think some very eloquent periods could be extracted from Senator Hoar's speeches in denunciation of President Cleveland for thinking he could negotiate a treaty or make a diplomatic agreement without taking the Senate into his confidence. In short, we warn

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Senator Hoar that he is in danger of becoming a chronic fault-finder and a pessimist, and we know that he dreads that worse than he does political corruption and the greed of empire, for he told the Worcester Christian Endeavorers that he did.

The Tammany control of the New York police as it existed prior to the Lexow investigation is well reëstablished now. All the severest sufferers from that inquiry are now in prominent positions in the force. Devery is Chief, McLaughlin is a Deputy Chief, and Capt. Price is in command of the Tenderloin. McLaughlin got his place on Friday through the unanimous vote of our present bi-partisan board, as all the other old favorites have succeeded in getting theirs. Indeed, it is doubtful if we ever had a more ideal bi-partisan board than the one which is sitting in Mulberry Street now. There are never any wrangles, never any friction even. The two Republican members vote regularly with the two Tammany members to carry the Tammany policy into operation, for reasons which do not appear on the surface, but which are known to be satisfactory to all concerned. As for the force itself, it is now absolutely under the control of the most conspicuous operators of the system which was exposed by the Lexow committee, and if it is not used for the same purposes for which it was used in the old Tammany days, then all these personages have undergone a wonderful moral transformation.

People in Illinois are waiting with considerable curiosity to see what will happen in the proceedings against Gov. Tanner, who was indicted by a county grand jury, a fortnight ago, for failure to do his duty as Executive of the State in connection with the riots at Virden, Ill. The lawyers for the Governor are talking about various technical points which they can make against the indictment, but Tanner himself has a more summary way of disposing of the matter. He announced immediately after the grand jury took its action that "I will kick any sheriff out of my office who comes to arrest me on that indictment"; and he seems to have bulldozed that official, for no attempt has been made to serve the papers. This beats the Quay device, and the Pennsylvania boss must envy the assurance of his fellow-statesman in Illinois.

Matters are taking precisely the course which was to have been expected in the trial of Senator Quay, his son, and the ex-State Treasurer of Pennsylvania for conspiracy in tampering with the funds of the Commonwealth, which the boss had deposited in a bank that he controlled. The defendants are resorting to every possible device to postpone proceedings, and particularly to evade meeting a public prosecutor whom they believe to be in earnest. Before the election, Quay professed to be anxious to meet his accusers at the earliest possible day. "You may be sure," he said in a public statement on the 6th of October, "that I have instructed them [his counsel] to force this case to a speedy trial in a court where both sides can be heard, and after that to expose legally and punish to the utmost the instigators of this proceeding." But everybody regarded this as simply "a good-enough Morgan until after the election." Consequently, it was only what was generally anticipated when early this month Quay's counsel sought a postponement of proceedings on the score of previous engagements, and on Saturday, when this device would no longer serve to prevent the opening of the trial on Monday, invoked a very unusual procedure to secure further delay. This was a successful appeal to the Supreme Court to grant a rule to show cause why a writ of certiorari should not be granted to bring into that court the indictments against Quay, his son, and the ex-State Treasurer, and to stay all proceedings under the indictments in the Court of Quarter Sessions until the further order of the Supreme Court. The hearing under this rule will not take place until the 7th of January.

This device carries the case over beyond the end of the term of District Attorney Graham, whose vigorous prosecution was much feared by the accused, and into the term of a new man who is considered friendly to the boss. Another end secured, which was only less desirable to Quay, is the practical certainty that, whatever decision the Supreme Court may render after the hearing, four weeks hence, the trial of the charges, wherever it takes place, cannot be concluded, even if it is started, before the choice of United States Senator shall be made by the Pennsylvania Legislature. The whole performance thus reeks with "politics" of the basest type. Desperate cases require desperate remedies, and there is always sure to be some technicality by which an indicted boss can help his cause. Since the present Constitution of Pennsylvania was adopted almost twenty-five years ago, there had been before Saturday but three appeals to the Supreme Court like the present one, and all three of these were political cases—the first that of Delamater, whose nomination for Governor Quay, in 1890, forced to the defeat of his party. It is this sort of thing which renders the public very incredulous as to the success of any prosecution against a powerful politician.

The city of Chicago has been considered the chief seat of Philippinedom in this country; that is, the place where the doctrine of "expansion" has the greatest number of adherents and enthusiastic expounders. There the opinion has been most pronounced that the American people are qualified and equipped for taking charge of distant countries with a view to the introduction of good government and social order, and that they are especially fitted to correct the deficiencies of Spain in this particular. No comment upon this spirit of self-confidence could be more withering than the scenes witnessed for several days and nights past in that city, where the respectable inhabitants are almost in a state of anarchy and riot against their own Board of Aldermen. A majority of these functionaries are supposed to be owned by the street-railroad combine in whose interest they are about to vote away franchises for fifty years, in the businesslike manner of putting the proceeds in their own pockets. The way was paved for this job by a bill passed by the last Legislature called the Allen act. This measure must have been put through by the street-railroad combine for cash, since it was fraudulent on its face, and public opinion was vehemently opposed to it. The streets of Chicago have been thronged by excited crowds threatening violence against any Alderman who should vote for the street-railroad grab, and badges and buttons have been circulated everywhere bearing the imprint of a gallows, with an Alderman pendant, and bearing the inscription "Anti-Fifty-Year Steal." How many of the wearers of these decorations, we wonder, believe that the acquisition of the Philippines, Hawaii, etc., will so charge the nation with the sense of responsibility that it will immediately rid itself of its Tanners and its Yerkeses and its boodle Aldermen?

The young State of South Dakota has just entered upon an experiment in a new field, the workings of which will be watched with great interest, both here and abroad. It has decided to apply the principle of the initiative and the referendum. At the recent election an amendment to the State Constitution was adopted, which provides that, whenever 5 per cent. of the voters sign a petition asking for the enactment of a law to carry out a certain principle, the Legislature shall comply at once and submit the statute to the people at a special election; and that, on the petition of the same percentage of voters, any law which the Legislature may have enacted must be submitted to the popular vote, and if a majority then vote against it, it shall not go into effect. This is the most important change in methods of legislation ever adopted by an American State. Yet it is a curious fact that not much over half of the men who felt interest enough as to who should be the Executive for the next two years to go

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to the polls, cared sufficiently about a permanent change in the very framework of the government itself to express an opinion one way or the other. While about 74,000 votes were cast for Governor, not many more than 40,000 were recorded for or against the constitutional amendment, which was adopted by a majority of about 7,000. Moreover, one of the leading newspapers says that the question was but little discussed during the campaign, either by public speakers or in the press.

A most extraordinary performance was that of Sir Edward Monson on Tuesday week in Paris, when he, the British Minister, speaking at a dinner of his own countrymen, read a manuscript containing advice of rather a minatory sort to the French Government. Sir Edward's "home is not in the setting sun"; he is not "wild because his b'ars are wild." He is a mature and carefully trained son of convention, a former Fellow of All Souls' College, Oxford. Either he must have been directed to do this by his own chief, or he, too, must also have broken loose, thinking that the Right Hon. "Joe" was having too good a thing. But no matter what the explanation may be, the world may well ask: What is going to be the end of this total disappearance of the regular Minister of Foreign Affairs at a most exciting time, and the assumption of his place by volunteers previously assigned to other duties? It would seem today as if the news of the "Anglo-Saxon alliance" had broken up the diplomatic organization and its machinery in England, and its place had been taken by a band of Rough Riders, each of whom fought for his own hand, and had his private San Juan, where he struck terror, in his own way, to his own Spaniards.

Jan.

"There are judges in Paris. The calm and dignified action of the Court of Cassation in ordering a stay of proceedings in the court-martial of Col. Picquart is a reassertion of the civil power over the military which the best friends of France have been hoping for, and which the best men in France have petitioned for. Fifteen columns in *L'Aurore* were filled with the names of the most distinguished Frenchmen, protesting against the attempt of the military authorities to anticipate the findings of the civil courts in the case of Col. Picquart. Professors by the hundred signed, and professional men of all ranks, and engineers and authors and artists—a tremendous array of Brunetière's despised "intellectuals." Women also figured in the list, among the first being the widow of Michelet, who telegraphed, "Since women are allowed to sign, put my name down quickly." The revolution of opinion, in fact, among those whose opinion is worth considering, appears to be complete. Prof. Seignobos was one of the signers, and when he went to lecture in the Sorbonne, the next day after the publication of the lists, the students rose and cheered him enthusiastically. It was these same students who a few months ago were howling at Zola and frantically cheering for the army.

The true nature of the proceedings against Col. Picquart was laid bare by M. Poincaré in his speech in the Chamber on November 28. He had been a member of the Government in 1894. Yet he declared, and he was at once confirmed by M. Barthou, that he and many of his colleagues knew of the arrest of Dreyfus only through the newspapers. The Ministers of 1894, he added, never heard of any charges except those based on the now thoroughly discredited *bordereau*, and of the alleged confession of Dreyfus they knew nothing whatever. Referring to the prosecution of Col. Picquart for the third time, he affirmed that it was distinctly of the nature of a "reprisal." By this he meant that it was inspired by the rage of the Military Governor of Paris at seeing the prospect of an acquittal of Dreyfus on his new trial, and a vengeful desire to make of Col. Picquart a victim in advance of the decisions of the courts. At this same session of the Chamber, the Prime Minister, M. Dupuy, was called upon to intervene and prevent the outrage, but he deftly threw the responsibility upon the Court of Cassation. If that court asked for the documents in the Picquart case, the Government would furnish them. The Government, he vowed, was one of law, not of arbitrary power, and it would see to it that the decrees of the courts were respected. It seems to have been upon this hint that the judges have now acted. They decide that the Picquart case is not only related to the Dreyfus case, but is identical with it, and that therefore the military authorities must keep hands off till the court has passed upon the whole.

Gen. Kitchener's appeal for $500,000 to found a Gordon Memorial College in Khartum has already brought him substantially the sum desired. He asked for it in person only because he was assured by those to whom he first applied privately, that if he asked for it personally and publicly the money would be forthcoming, otherwise not. The general outline of his scheme, as he gave it to the press, shows at once the aim and the need of the proposed college. The English are now in control of a population of three millions of Sudanese almost absolutely uneducated. It is not simply that they cannot read English or are ignorant of all modern science, but that they have been deliberately left entirely illiterate. The Mahdi set his face like a flint against education of any kind. In this he was well advised—once instruct the people even elementarily, and it would be all up with him. The Khalifa, his successor, used to order his political opponents to go to the Mosque three times a day, so as to keep them out of mischief, but he never sent anybody to school. The result is a condition of besotted ignorance through all that region. As Gen. Kitchener forcibly points out, here is one of the greatest difficulties in the way of successful English rule over the Sudan. The immense work of pacifying and conciliating the native populations and slowly introducing them to Western ideas of civilization almost requires an educated nucleus to work upon. It is planned to secure this by beginning with the sons of the leading sheiks in the various provinces. They will be taught English and given other elementary instruction. Sent back to their homes they will be the best intermediaries between the Government and the people. Starting out in this way, the Gordon College will widen its scope as the needs widen. It is to be absolutely unsectarian—even more than that, for Gen. Kitchener says in his plan, "I need not add that there would be no interference with the religion of the people." All told, the founding of the college will be a stroke of both philanthropy and politics; and Gen. Kitchener's conception of it shows that he knows how to administer as well as conquer.

The French proposal to found colleges of their own in Khartum not unnaturally irritates the English. There is no obvious demand for French in the Sudan. In Cairo and Upper Egypt the case would be different, though even there French is probably no longer the leading foreign language spoken. And if it is pure philanthropy and an unselfish desire to educate savages that animate the French, why should they have hit upon Khartum as the one scene of their labors? Why not go farther back on Major Marchand's route and set up a French college somewhere in the Niger region, where French influence is undisputed? The whole project seems of a piece with the rather headless policy the French have followed in all this Sudan business. Willing to wound and yet afraid to strike, they get themselves the reputation of meddlers, but only prepare for themselves a series of retreats and humiliations. A firm and consistent policy regarding Egypt is something the French Government has not had since the unlucky day it refused English offers of a joint occupation, at the time Alexandria was bombarded and Arabi bundled out of the country and order restored. The question of the mixed tribunals, which will soon come on in an acute form, will afford the French another chance to make a spectacle of themselves, which it will be strange if they fail to seize.

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SECRETARY GAGE ON THE CURRENCY.

Secretary Gage's report, as regards the subject of currency and banking, will be received with great satisfaction by all who have taken part, in late years, in the movement for currency reform. It will also have a most healing influence in the rural communities of the West and South, where the greatest amount of prejudice has heretofore prevailed against the national banks and, indeed, against all banks. This prejudice has been the great stumbling-block in the way of any kind of reform. It has proceeded from the high rates of interest prevailing in the country districts, and the fact that money in those parts of the country is hardest to get hold of at the very time when the farmer wants it most. The farmer wants to borrow between seedtime and harvest. He learns that the money in the local banks has been sent to New York, where it is drawing only 2 per cent. interest, and that he cannot get it on real-estate security at any price. If he gets it at all, it is only through some local intermediary, who borrows it at the bank on his personal security at 6 or 7 per cent., and then lends it to the farmer on real-estate security at 10 or 12 per cent. The farmer is naturally furious; he joins the Populists and demands the free coinage of silver, or the sub-treasury system, or the abolition of the national banks.

Secretary Gage gives a clear answer to all these complaints, showing how the jerky movements of our currency are due to the inflexible system of Government-paper issues, and how these evils are avoided in Canada and other countries by a less rigid system of bank issues, which tends to equalize the rates of interest between the rural communities and the towns and cities. This exposition, so much needed from one in authority and so clearly put before the reader, comes in the very nick of time, when the agricultural classes are enjoying a season of comparative prosperity and are therefore in a receptive state of mind. It serves to introduce the consideration of those means of reform to which the Secretary has yielded his assent after giving the most careful attention to the various plans advanced. It is much to his credit, as a conservative statesman and a prudent banker, that he has only slowly come to entertain the opinion that banknote issues may be based in part upon something else than bond security deposited with the Government.

"Can a banknote currency be established which will be adequate, economical, and safe and thus serve in a better way than is now served the public need?" This is the question that Mr. Gage puts to himself and to Congress and the public. He points to the example of Canada and to those of other countries where the Government does not undertake to supply a currency directly to the people. As regards the Canadian system, he observes that, "with power to issue notes as profitable employment for their use in productive industry can be found, the power has never been overtaxed or exhausted." The rates of interest have varied but little between the richer provinces of Ontario or Quebec and the sparsely settled districts of Manitoba. The terms of interest are substantially as favorable to the farmer of the West as to the merchant of the metropolis." If this system can be applied to the United States—if it can work out the same results here as there—the money question will be settled *ipso facto*. It will drop out of politics as completely as old Federalism has dropped out. Mr. Gage points out differences between our conditions and those of Canada, and especially the fact that in the latter country they have a few banks with large capital and many branches (a reproduction of the Scotch system on this continent), while we have many banks with small capital not responsible for each other. He concludes, however, that banknotes may be made perfectly secure here by the safety-fund system, *i. e.*, without bond security and also without making the notes a first lien on the assets of the banks; and he commends the bill of the House banking and currency committee to the early and earnest consideration of Congress. Thus the Secretary ranges himself on the side of the Indianapolis Currency Commission and of the House committee, which has adopted the plan of the commission with some variations. It is a long step towards the passage of that bill, or of some bill, that the authority of the Department goes with it.

Now the question of greatest moment is whether we are to have an extra session of Congress in the spring of 1899 to consider and pass the pending bill, or some modification of it. Everything will depend upon the business men of the country. If they want an extra session for this purpose, they can have it by pushing for it. The politicians will generally be against it, not because they are opposed to the measure itself, but because they are opposed to any disturbance of the *status quo*. Their theory is that you must never legislate on the currency when times are good, lest you give the opposite party something out of which political capital can be made; and you must never legislate when times are bad, lest the enemy charge that you are making them worse. So, with them the time never comes for currency reform except in the throes and agonies of a panic.

Not the least interesting part of the Secretary's report is that which relates to coins and coinage. Under this head we have been accustomed to look for a chapter of views and recommendations on the subject of silver. We have usually found reflected in the Secretary's report some part of the great controversy raging in the political field on "the crime of 1873," or possibly some remarks on the usefulness or uselessness of another international conference to promote bimetallism. In the present report we find nothing but the barest array of statistical information. The deadness of the silver issue is betokened by the dumbness of the report on that subject, and it is this change which makes it interesting. We read without a shock or a comment that the market ratio of gold to silver during the year has been 1 to 35.84. This great divergence has led some of the silverites to make a slight concession to popular prejudice. We have seen in one or two of their organs a hint that it might be well to go in for the ratio of 20 to 1. The Secretary of the Treasury, however, does not discuss that question at all. The only questions relating to coinage that he does discuss are of a technical character involving no political issues. One of these, of some importance, relates to our law which requires the recoining of all foreign gold coins that come to our assay offices. This, as Secretary Gage shows, is a waste of time, labor, and money. It would be an advantage and a saving to have foreign coins on hand when it becomes necessary to export gold, and, meanwhile, the metal is just as safe in the form of sovereigns as in the form of eagles or of bars.

The dumbness of the Secretary on the silver question corresponds, as we have said, to the deadness of that issue in politics. The deadness of the silver issue is partly the cause and partly the effect of the revival of business in the country, and especially in the West, where silverism has hitherto been most rampant. That the accumulation of capital now taking place in the United States is rapid and continuous, is shown by the movement of American capital into foreign money markets. This movement, in the shape of investment in sterling exchange, has been very marked of late, and has been on so large a scale that our bankers are interested to discourage the importation of gold. The *Financial Chronicle* estimates the amount of "long sterling" carried here at the present time at $40,000,000 to $50,000,000. Long sterling means money loaned here but invested on call in London, Berlin, etc. It is so invested because it brings a better return abroad than at home. Investments of a more permanent character are taking place abroad constantly. The funds of our life-insurance companies are now invested in foreign loans to some extent, and this movement will undoubtedly increase. We are following in the steps of Great Britain in this particular, and we shall soon be her principal competitor in the money markets of the less-advanced countries of the world. We shall not need any international banks

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chartered at Washington to accomplish this result. Such institutions would be harmless, perhaps, but the work they aim to do will be done quite as well by the houses already engaged in it without any high-sounding title.

This invasion of foreign markets by American capital is the reflection at the money centres of the prosperity of the agricultural districts of the West. Every day we hear the same tale of mortgages paid off and cancelled, and of farmers seeking to lend money instead of borrowing. The rate of interest on farm mortgages is falling. Eastern savings banks, colleges and universities, and other institutions, having money invested in that class of securities, find their income growing smaller year by year. Ten years ago they reckoned upon a return of 7 per cent. on this class of securities; now they cannot get 6. As old loans mature they are paid off, and the investors consider themselves lucky if they can get 5 per cent. on new loans with equally good security. The tendency of profits to a minimum, an old maxim in political economy, is having ample illustration. All business which is subject to competition is done on a very small margin. Yet this narrowing of profits is accompanied by a great multiplication and abundance of goods, and this is a distinct advantage to mankind.

THE OPPORTUNITY IN CUBA.

The appointment of Major-Gen. William Ludlow, United States Volunteers, as Military and Civil Governor of the city of Havana is heartily to be commended. He is a West Point man and a Lieutenant-Colonel in the regular army. His assignment to this new and important duty is not a reward for services in the war, which were not particularly brilliant, we believe, but is due to his special aptitude for the special work in hand. Gen. Ludlow served at one time as one of the Commissioners for the District of Columbia. As such he gained a practical acquaintance with the sanitary and engineering problems connected with the administration of a great city. His success in Washington was undisputed. He also has an excellent reputation as an engineer. It was his honest and able report on the Nicaragua Canal routes and estimates that punctured the schemes of the Maritime Company last year. Gen. Ludlow will thus go to his new post with a gratifying record of achievement in line with the peculiar and arduous duties that await him. His appointment argues well for the desire of the President to give Cuba as good a government as is possible during our military occupation of the island.

The opportunity before Gen. Ludlow is one to appeal strongly both to his patriotic and his professional instincts. As chief in command—practically in absolute command—of the chief city of the island, his work will be under daily and more searching observation than that of any other man in Cuba. Not only Cubans, not only Spaniards, but the foreign colony, the foreign newspaper correspondents will scrutinize his administration with jealous watchfulness, and will make it the touchstone of American capacity and good faith in dealing with Cuba. It will be for Gen. Ludlow to do in Havana what Gen. Wood has done in Santiago—show the world that our trained men need not shrink from comparison with the trained men of England or Germany in wise and incorruptible administration of colonial government. There is a chance here for Gen. Ludlow to win more glory for his country than he possibly could have done by killing a thousand Spaniards at El Caney.

The professional opportunity of a sanitary engineer in charge of the city of Havana is almost unequalled. The work to be done there may be described in a word as that of converting a city of the sixteenth century into a modern city. Except for its good water-supply, recently introduced, Havana may be said to be without any of the elementary hygienic equipment of an up-to-date municipality. It is badly sewered, badly paved, badly cleaned. Its harbor is foul beyond words. Docks scarcely exist. Transportation is antiquated and inadequate. The slate is clean for Gen. Ludlow to write what he will upon it, and, unless we are deceived in the man, he will be able to write upon it such a betterment in municipal conditions that Havana will scarcely know itself. Under British governing skill, Kingston ceased to be the sink and fever pest-hole it had been for years, and a similar transformation may easily be brought about in Havana.

The President is happy in having officers of the army to call upon for these first essays in governing colonies, not simply because they are a trained and professional class of men. This of itself is, of course, the main consideration. It is a splendid answer to have ready for the swarming office-seekers that the government of our new possessions is a military government, and that, therefore, much as a kind-hearted President would like to oblige the boys and the bosses, the appointments must go to army officers. But there is the added advantage that the military government solves in the act one of the toughest problems we have to face in the whole matter of colonial administration. This is the pecuniary problem. How are we going to get Congress to vote pay enough for the important posts in order to secure able men to fill them? The difficulty has already been pointed out by friendly English critics. The *Spectator* warns us that we cannot command high talent without paying for it. Mr. Chamberlain, in his *Scribner's* article, drew lessons for us in this regard from British experience. Well, for the time at least, the difficulty is met by appointing regular army officers of higher volunteer rank. Thus, Gen. Ludlow, as we understand it, will draw his pay of $3,000 as Lieutenant-Colonel of the regular army, and in addition his pay of $7,500 as Major-General of Volunteers. It is certain that $10,500 is none too large a salary for the Military and Civil Governor of Havana, yet it may be doubted if Congress would now vote such a sum for a civilian appointee.

It is not alone in Havana or Santiago that the American opportunity is great. The whole island of Cuba offers a field for administrative improvement so broad and plain that mere honesty and common sense will be enough to work in it a transformation that will seem almost magical to the inhabitants. The weakest and silliest government could not altogether fail in Cuba; a moderately wise and strong one can make the wilderness blossom like the rose. Taxation has been fairly Turkish in its vexatious nature and crushing weight. It will be possible to remove half this load at once, and still have more money to spend for the public benefit than Cuba has ever enjoyed. The Spanish left the natives in the grossest illiteracy, with scarcely a pretence of a public-school system. There is not a savings bank in all Cuba, nor a bank of any kind where a laboring man can deposit his earnings on interest. There is, we believe, scarcely one public library, in our sense of the word. These and the other countless signs of Spanish governmental neglect but serve to accentuate the present American opportunity and the present American duty. If the President will keep on giving us men like Gen. Wood and Gen. Ludlow, we may hope for the winning of renown in civil administration which America and Americans are just now more in need of than of any amount of military glory.

A SUPREME TEST.

It is doubtless unnecessary to tell Col. Roosevelt that the most momentous appointment to office that he will have to make as Governor will be that of a successor to Aldridge as Superintendent of Public Works. That is the one great political office within his gift upon which the public attention is concentrated. The dominating issue of the campaign which resulted in his election was the canal scandal, and the chief pledge which he made from the stump was to reform utterly the management which had led to that scandal. One of his first utterances after election was a renewal of this pledge, and a demand upon the regular organization or machine of his party to sustain him in that work. The immediate response of the machine was the presentation of Francis Hendricks of Syracuse as the "organization's candidate" for Aldridge's place. Daily since

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this presentation was first made, the organization has pressed the choice of Mr. Hendricks upon our next Governor with steadily increasing insistence.

The result of this course by the organization has been to put it in the attitude of dictating the use which the Governor must make of his appointing power in regard to the most important political office that he will have to fill. If he shall decide to appoint Mr. Hendricks, the general verdict upon him will be that he has yielded to the machine at the very beginning of his administration, obeying the wishes of the boss rather than exercising his own free will. The conduct of the organization leaders has made this interpretation inevitable. They have pressed their candidate openly, if not defiantly, and have not chosen, as they might easily have done, to press him privately upon the Governor-elect. They have raised the issue with apparent deliberation, and they can find no fault with Col. Roosevelt if he shall decide to part company with them upon it.

So far as Mr. Hendricks personally is concerned, it is to be said of him that he is a man of excellent character and unblemished public record, but that he is also a man who has never opposed the organization, and has been able always to maintain not only friendly but cordial relations with its boss. There is nothing in his career which gives assurance that he would, as a public official, take a position of open hostility to the wrongdoers of his own party. He has always been a faithful "organization man," a fact which is testified to by his unanimous selection by the organization as its candidate for this most important office. In this respect it must be conceded by any fair-minded person that he has not the qualifications which are absolutely essential, under present conditions, for the satisfactory administration of the Public Works Department. What is wanted there first of all is a man who not only is not a friend of the organization, but is capable, if the cause of honest government shall require it, of becoming its implacable enemy.

The *Tribune* put the matter in the right light on Monday when it said that it will not suffice for the new Governor to appoint as Superintendent a man who will punish positive wrongdoing, but will at the same time "perpetuate the political features of a system under which the wrongdoing occurred, so far as they can be of use to the party and are not distinctly dishonest." That is precisely the point. No man can read the evidence of the Canal Investigating Commission and escape the conviction that Aldridge was using his position for the benefit of the "organization," that he wasted the money of the State in the interest of politics, that between him and the contractors there was a complete understanding, and that if there was not a "divvy" system of some kind in operation between him and the contractors, who were able to get as much money as they desired out of the State, then Aldridge is a far less astute politician than he has credit of being. It should be borne in mind that many of these contracts are still running, that the canal improvement is only half completed, that more money must be appropriated and expended, and that it is consequently of great moment to the organization that the present contractors be allowed to continue in charge of the work.

Under these conditions there is only one sort of candidate who is really fit for the position of Superintendent of Public Works, and that is a man who has no relations whatever with the organization. He should be an expert, also, having either engineering knowledge or special knowledge of canal work. The one man who is fundamentally and irreparably unfit for the position is the man, no matter how excellent his personal character, who is chosen by the organization as its candidate for it, and is chosen because he has never done anything to incur the disapproval of the organization. What the *Tribune* says on this point concurs entirely with our own views:

> "It will not do for the party to seek to substitute for Superintendent Aldridge one who believes in the same theory of political spoils, however firm his personal honesty. A total change is needed. If the Republicans are to have a credit balance with the voters two years hence, the Department of Public Works must be taken hold of in the same spirit that Col. Waring took hold of the Street-Cleaning Department in this city, and Comptroller Roberts took hold of the finances and the enforcement of the civil-service laws of the State."

Such men can be found, and several have been proposed already. One of them is George Clinton of Buffalo, who was the chairman of the Canal Investigating Commission. Another is Edward P. North of this city, and still another is George S. Greene, jr., formerly Chief Engineer of the Dock Department. There are doubtless others. It is not our purpose or desire to advocate the selection of any particular candidate. We mention these as samples of the type to which Gov. Roosevelt should turn if he wishes to live up to his own standard as a civil-service reformer, and to fulfil to the letter his campaign pledges. If he appoints some man of this type, the people of the State will know at the outset of his administration that they have a free man for Governor, as well as one who is honest and fearless.

LETTERS AND PUBLIC LIFE.

Lord Rosebery has a distinct and happy talent for the occasional address; and in his inaugural address before the Edinburgh Philosophical Institution a few nights ago, he was most ingenious and interesting. Partly by way of tribute to his predecessor in the presidential office, Mr. Gladstone, he was led to discourse of literary statesmen. With ample knowledge, yet with lightest touch and unfailing grace, he ran over the list of English Prime Ministers since the beginning of the last century, and assigned each his place as a lover of books and letters, or the reverse. Naturally he came out strongest on the statesmen of his own day and acquaintance. He spoke of being as a child in Hatfield House, and seeing in the library "a tall, thin figure carrying a huge volume." The housekeeper said, "That is Lord Robert Cecil." It was "a bookish figure," added Lord Rosebery, "then outside politics, though now Prime Minister." But it was to Mr. Gladstone that the speaker gave the palm as the most bookish of English Prime Ministers during the past two hundred years. This was his distinction, not in virtue of being the most literary, or even the most learned, but for uniting in his own person an enthusiasm for collecting books and a passion for reading them such as no other eminent English statesman has displayed in combination for two centuries. Of what other great Minister could it have been said that he was ready at a minute's notice to give six lectures on Homer and six more on Dante, with the assurance that, at the end, it would be the audience, and not he, that was tired?

The apparent incompatibility between bookishness and statesmanship Lord Rosebery did not fail to remark upon. He dwelt feelingly, as if from poignant experience, upon the way the public man is torn from the life of the library even when it is dear to him:

> "He lives in the public eye, almost in the public grasp. Out of doors there is the reporter; in the seclusion of his home there is the interviewer. Both presumably are hungry to receive the ideas as they pass from his capacious brain, though some go so far as to declare that the interviewer and the reporter are less the seekers than the sought. Alert, bustling, visible, deriving even a certain popularity from the fact of being known by sight, speaking to his engagements whether he has anything to say or whether he has not, appearing on his platform whether he be brisk and well or sick and sorry, like an actor, only that he has to find his own words, bringing together as well as may be all sorts and conditions of men, with one eye apparently on the political weather and the other (it is to be hoped) on his political conscience—a hurricane of a life, the essential quality of which is publicity."

Americans may perhaps avail themselves in a peculiar degree of this excuse, as they run over the rather meagre roll of their literary statesmen, living or dead. Our Presidents, as a whole, would make but a sorry show when compared with the brilliant names on Lord Rosebery's list. Jefferson was doubtless the most bookish man of them all, at any rate in the collector's sense. Yet Ticknor, with his young bibliographical enthusiasm, could not have spent such delightful days as he did at Monticello in company with a mere collector. Suppose it were either of our living ex-Presidents, instead of Jefferson, that an

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ardent bookman like Ticknor was visiting. Mr. Harrison was confessedly a devotee rather of markets than of maxims, and Mr. Cleveland's charm was never that of exquisite literary tastes or graces. Our present Executive has never, we believe, been known to quote any author except J. G. Holland, "a gifted songstress" of Mahoning Valley, and "the historians of China."

As we come down in the scale of rank of our public men we distinctly go up in the literary scale. Not a few of our ministers and consuls in foreign countries have been among our leading bookmen. Irving did not live in Spain without illuminating Spanish history, and in the person of Lowell we sent to Madrid a man who knew more about Spanish literature than any Spanish official with whom he had dealings. Hawthorne and Donald G. Mitchell and Howells and Col. Hay were what we may call literary appointees to office, even if they did not owe their places to their literary gifts. Bancroft and Everett and Motley and Marsh are names that argue the compatibility of studious lives with public service.

It is only fair, in fingering over our short bead-roll of bookish statesmen (we do not pretend to have named them all), to remember the intense political prejudice which long existed against "d—d literary fellers" in public life. Learning was a distinct handicap in seeking the suffrages of the people. Possession of a large private library would, we think, have been fatal to the chances of any Presidential candidate between Van Buren and Hayes. If it had been a model of his library, instead of his log cabin, that the elder Harrison had displayed as a bid for votes, he would no doubt have been disastrously beaten. Besides, did he not have Webster at hand to kill off fourteen of the Roman proconsuls that he put into the first draft of his inaugural address? It is not the still air of delightful studies, but the plough, which our typical statesmen have reluctantly forsaken at the call of their countrymen. The historic figures are Silas Wright in his cabbage patch, and Whitelaw Reid pensive and melancholy by moonlight in his garden at Ophir Farm.

We are glad to observe, however, a change in public sentiment on this question, which promises fine things for the union of letters and statesmanship in our future. Literary tastes are becoming a thing of which our public men are not wholly ashamed, and which they need not so carefully and successfully conceal as they have done in the past. Ink-stains may soon be as adequate credentials for office as calloused hands once were. We are encouraged to hope this by noticing two powerful incentives which politicians have lately found to drive them to literary pursuits. One was illustrated in the person of Mr. Blaine as it is also in that of Mr. Bryan. It is the solace which letters offer to a defeated Presidential candidate, who yet is uncommonly anxious to try his luck again. Mr. Blaine's famous "history," like Mr. Bryan's, shows what our literature may yet gain from the labors of politicians who ostentatiously bury their disappointment in a library, one of the necessary furnishings of which is a long-distance telephone, in good working order, ready for use in case the people should once more imperiously summon forth the absorbed student. The other reason why literature may well gain from its cultivation by politicians is that some of them have found out how fine a shield literary activity is for political intriguing. For every caucus packed, write an essay on the need of preserving the purity of the English language. For every cause betrayed, every promise broken, every demagogic resolution offered, produce a "history," or make a speech on civil-service reform, and your character as a literary statesman is established. We "ain't a namin' no names," but, as Thackeray politely said of the young lady, "if I had such a daughter, I should have a bore for a daughter," so we say, if Massachusetts were to set out to have a literary junior Senator, this would be the kind of junior literary Senator she would have.

LITHOGRAPHY IN ENGLAND.

LONDON, November 26, 1898.

The authorities at South Kensington Museum have scored a distinct success with their exhibition of lithographs, opened the other day in the miserable temporary buildings on the other side of Exhibition Road, where the national portraits used to be, and where a large part of South Kensington's collection still awaits the shelter of a decent gallery. Of the several centenary exhibitions, it is the only one given in the actual anniversary year of the invention of the art. It is even more amusing and comprehensive than was expected or thought possible; and it contains, as its chief interest, the first complete collection of English lithographs, from the prints published in the beginning of the century to those made but yesterday, ever exhibited or attempted to be exhibited. Naturally, then, the English is the most important section. It is really extraordinary how little hitherto has been known of the history of lithography in England. The Frenchmen who have written about the art have been content to study it at home, where, indeed, the material is inexhaustible, and no Englishman, apparently, has cared sufficiently to look into the matter and find out what happened in the interval that elapsed between the coming of Senefelder to London in 1801, when he took out his patent, and the period when Prout and Harding and Lane were publishing the prints and portfolios which, together with the work of Bonington, are the great glory of English lithography. You might imagine that absolutely no attention had been paid to Senefelder's invention until of a sudden, in 1819, Ackermann, a print-seller in the Strand, undertook to launch the English translation of Senefelder's book ('A Complete Course of Lithography'), and, probably from no disinterested motive, joined with Hullmandel, a lithographic printer, in bringing both the book and the invention to the notice of the Society of Arts.

And yet, as the collection at South Kensington reveals, some slight attention had been paid to the matter, and several efforts made to turn Senefelder's new method of printing into a profitable investment for every one concerned save himself. Senefelder, though he gave a detailed account of his troubles in Vienna, never told exactly how Philip André, his English partner, got rid of him. But get rid of him André did, and Senefelder's name never appears in any early English enterprise. It comes, no doubt, as a surprise to learn that while Frederick André in Offenbach was still busy printing music, and only a very few and very insignificant artistic attempts had been made in Munich, and the first lithographic houses in Paris were having no success whatever, Philip André had the intelligence and sufficient appreciation of the artistic possibilities of lithography (or polyautography, which was his name for it) to seek at once the patronage and coöperation of artists. No sooner was Senefelder safely out of the way than André must have begun to haunt the studios of London, carefully selecting the most influential. For by 1803 he was publishing his 'Specimens of Polyautography,' and among the eleven contributors were Benjamin West, Fuseli, Barry, and Stothard, who, whatever we may think of them now, were then considered the most distinguished and popular artists of the day. When you look at their work, you can understand why, despite their names, the publication excited no special enthusiasm. At that date André could not have realized the resources of the art he was exploiting, and the artists were either too indifferent or too bewildered by the new medium to get much out of it. Fuseli and West alone tried the chalk. The other prints are in pen-and-ink, and have no lithographic quality, and the designs (with the exception of the figure of a woman by Stothard and the study of cavalry in action by a Sir R. K. Porter) are so absolutely commonplace that, were it not for its great historic value, André's portfolio would deserve to remain forgotten as it has been for almost a century.

Another edition of the same 'Specimens' was issued in 1806, and, according to the title (possibly incorrect) given to a collection of lithographs at South Kensington, there may have been a Polyautographic Society that brought out a similar portfolio on a larger scale. To judge from many of these and also from the curious collection in the Print Room at the British Museum, it is evident that André and his successors—as Lasteyrie and Engelmann did at a later date in France—made an appeal to amateurs as well as to artists. It meant, in a way, good business, for almost all the early English lithographic printers were careful to advertise their charge for attending Ladies and Gentlemen and furnishing them with stones and chalk and ink in their own houses. But, notwithstanding their many and persistent efforts, nothing of importance was accomplished. You look through the first ninety prints on the walls at South Kensington, and you discover none with the least artistic merit, except the two or three I have men-

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tioned and a stray example of Downman or Flaxman. The singular part of it is that, though a much more promising beginning was made in England than in France, lithography in London was already falling into neglect just when, with the houses of Lasteyrie and Engelmann and Delpech, it was, in Paris, at the dawn of its greatness and popularity.

The publication of Senefelder's 'Complete Course of Lithography' in 1819, and the rather tardy tribute to him of a gold medal awarded by the Society of Arts in the same year, the first official recognition accorded to him in England, helped to reawaken and stimulate the interest of artists and the public. Then the visit to this country of men like Géricault and Delacroix, Lami and Monnier, must have had its effect, though it brought so little return to them personally that it was in London Géricault, in despair, tried to kill himself. But still their lithographs and other French lithographs got to be known. Most of the French albums were republished by English houses. Sometimes, as in the case of Carle Vernet, the Frenchman's work was copied by the English draughtsman without giving him the slightest credit, and it was not long before Baron Taylor was commissioning English artists and English printers to work for his 'Voyages Pittoresques,' that most colossal of all publications illustrated by lithography, the first volume of which appeared in 1820. It was impossible, under the circumstances, for the public or artistic indifference to continue, and a few men were found to devote themselves almost entirely to the art.

True, it was never in general favor among artists in London as in Paris. The conditions were so different. In France the young men who were drinking out of skulls, and wearing red waistcoats, and doing everything that was fantastic and outrageous in order to achieve and proclaim their independence as artists, were only too ready to welcome a new departure or a new medium of any kind. But the English painter, in the first half of the century, was the most veritable toady that ever lived, and would have done anything rather than risk, with an unauthorized experiment, the disapprobation of his rich and noble patrons. The very cheapness of lithography was against it in a country where there was an Academy of Arts that could not countenance any medium less costly than oils or marble, or occasionally (by excess of condescension) the steel of the engraver. Only Lane, among all the distinguished English lithographers, was ever even an associate of the Academy; and as he was a painter of ephemeral note, his lithography had probably nothing to do with his election. At South Kensington, Bonington is included with these distinguished English lithographers, though, of course, his work was done in France, originally for French publishers, much of it, however, being afterwards republished in England. His "Gros-Horloge à Rouen," considered his masterpiece by all the authorities who have written about him, is not here, but there is a long series of his architectural and landscape studies in Normandy and Scotland to confirm his claim as a draughtsman of distinction and a master of lithography. He was ever the artist, whether he worked with Senefelder's greasy chalk or with oils or water colors. Prout, too, is seen to every advantage; but, accomplished as he was, when he is hung with Bonington, you cannot but wonder at Mr. Ruskin's excessive praise. He could draw, but seldom without certain mannerisms that in the end become tedious. The most notable of his prints now on exhibition is probably one made by him on paper, and transferred to stone, for the English edition of Senefelder's book, as an example of a method most people suppose to be essentially modern, though it is as old as the art of lithography. For it is a fact too apt to be ignored, that it was by his use of transfer paper that Senefelder finally chanced upon his one great discovery, surface or chemical printing.

The Hardings are delightful. Indeed, Harding is a lithographer who deserves to be "resurrected"; and as the South Kensington show proves, there was no one in England who could compete with him in the method (called lithotint) of washing on the stone. Then come the charming portraits by Lane, only less dainty than Devéria's; pretty, without ever degenerating into the Book of Beauty or Keepsake prettiness so much in vogue in his day. He reproduced on the stone many of the celebrated portraits of his contemporaries, while it is quite wonderful how, in his copies of Gainsborough's sketches, he retained the feeling, the freshness, the technique of the originals. I have not the space to do more than refer to the work of Cattermole and Nash and Frederick Tayler and others of the group. Louis Haghe, for long the most prominent of all, became so skilful as a lithographer that gradually the artist in him disappeared; and as you pass from one to the other of his prints you understand, better than ever before, that it was but a mere step downwards from him to the commercial lithographer, in whose hands the art virtually disappeared in England, until Mr. Whistler, one day, about twenty years ago, reminded artists that, with the stone and lithographic chalk, another sympathetic method of expression was at their disposal. The modern work, due so largely to his initiative, is by no means slighted at South Kensington, but I have dwelt rather upon the early work, since it is the excellent opportunity for its study now afforded that is the great feature of the collection.

I ought to add that the French and German sections, if not so complete, are still very fairly representative. Far greater justice is done to French lithographers than was shown to English lithographers in the Paris exhibition of 1895. If none of the more famous early French prints are here, with the exception of Baron Lejeune's "Cossack," lent by Mr. Frederick Keppel of New York, on the other hand, from that time onward, the gaps are not many. Perhaps the caricaturists of *La Caricature* and *Le Charivari*, as a group, are not so much in evidence as they might be, and the more celebrated Daumier's "La Rue Transnonain" and "Le Ventre Législatif," for instance, are missing, while one looks in vain for the very few but very beautiful prints of a painter like Diaz. Still, there are characteristic examples of Daumier and Gavarni in sufficient number to give some idea of the work of the two masters among the many clever men who gathered about Philipon. The development of the Napoleonic legend can be followed in the long and spirited series by Horace Vernet, Charlet, and Raffet, and Raffet's three great prints, "La Revue Nocturne," "Le Réveil," and "Ils grognaient et le suivaient toujours," fortunately, have a place. Géricault, though one misses his "Boxers," can be reasonably well studied, thanks chiefly to Mr. Atherton Curtis. And the Romanticists, the *lithographes coloristes*, as M. Beraldi calls them, appear in full force, from Goya—really their inspiration, for, though a Spaniard, he had more influence in France than Spain—and Isabey, perhaps the greatest of all the Frenchmen, and Delacroix, whose superb "Lion de l'Atlas" and "Tigre Royal," as well as several of the Isabeys, are also sent by Mr. Curtis; to Achille Devéria and Gigoux, with their portraits, and Célestin Nanteuil, whose name (to be honest) is more suggestive than his work; and Louis Boulanger, whose tremendous reputation of a day has faded into a mere memory of a youthfully flamboyant episode; and Paul Huet, and Decamps, whose lithographs were not limited to his caricatures for Philipon's papers; and too many more to be mentioned, down to Hervier and Manet, who may be said to have bridged over the interval between the old school and the new, between the great period of lithography and the modern renaissance, also amply illustrated. Indeed, the collection of modern French work is surprisingly good. I do not remember to have seen anywhere such a large and impressive array of M. Fantin Latour's musical fantasies or interpretations on stone of the music he loves.

It is the same with the German section. The earliest prints of all may necessarily be omitted, since only rare examples are to be found outside of the Munich and Paris royal or national collections. But of the work that followed, the copies of Old Masters for the great Munich and Dresden Galleries, the examples are many, and few mezzotints are richer and more full of color, and at once stronger and more delicate in tone, than the lithographs of Strixner, Piloty, and Hanfstängl, at their very best. At first, the original lithographer in Germany was the exception. Menzel for many years stood alone. It is to be regretted, therefore, that only two of his prints are here, though in a case in an adjoining room his 'Versuche auf Stein mit Pinsel und Schabeisen,' technically one of his most important series, can be seen. The modern German work was so well shown at Düsseldorf a year ago, that it is useless to repeat what was said about it then.

When one turns to other countries, if they seem to make less display, it is simply because, until within the last few years, almost all the great work was done in France and Germany and England. There were, of course, exceptions. Spain produced Goya, more appropriately hung with the Frenchmen, whose leader he was, and from Spain also came one of the most ambitious and successful of the galleries or collections of lithographs after the Masters. There are copies of Velasquez by Di Craene and Lopez that seem quite marvellous when it is remembered that copyists at that time worked without the aid of photography. Switzerland boasts Alexandre Calame, but it is only of late that Holland and Belgium have achieved any distinction in lithography; while the record of Italy is more meagre still. In America, as I think was well demonstrated by the Grolier Club Exhibition, the development of lithography was entirely commercial, though for commercial firms excellent artists very often worked at the beginning of their career; nor has the revival, so active in England and on

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the Continent, as yet spread across the Atlantic. But, at least, South Kensington shows an example of Sarony's work, a lithograph of a negro minstrel, not without humor and genuine merit of a kind; also some of the occasional experiments recently made in New York. There are numerous lithographs, to be sure, made by American artists who live and work in London and Paris, but these can hardly be said to point to renewed interest or activity in New York, or Boston, or Philadelphia.

It has been impossible to do more than give a general idea of the scope and quality of the South Kensington exhibition. But I hope I have said enough to show that it is not only the largest, but the most complete and successful yet organized. Its catalogue, too, is a model of what a catalogue should be; not altogether as helpful as the one issued by the Grolier Club, but had its compilers attempted to enter into the same details, a bulky and unwieldy volume must have been the result. The exhibition being what it is, I think it highly instructive to contrast the indifference with which it has been accepted here with the enthusiasm aroused in Paris by the show of 1895. There hardly a paper did not issue its elaborate and illustrated supplement on the subject—a special number of *Figaro, Figaro Lithographe*, a model of good printing, was devoted to it—and the event was treated as one of national importance. Here, the papers are content with perfunctory notices for which space is grudgingly found; critics who happen never to have heard of lithography as an art, declare a lithograph to be nothing more than a drawing on stone—why they should have expected it to be anything else, it is difficult to say—and dismiss the collection with contempt, reserving their eloquence for paintings already described, and hence easier to criticise; and while South Kensington can never blunder in its policy without becoming the town talk, now that it has really done something worthy of all praise, only one or two are honest and sincere enough to give it its due. Because English wall-papers are copied in Belgium, and English art magazines imitated in Germany, and English lamps exhibited at the Salon de l'Art Nouveau, England is supposed to have been transformed into the great headquarters of art. But it is on such occasions as the present that you are forced to admit how much better they understand these things in Paris, where, after all, the great sales still are held, the great schools still attract the student, and the great exhibitions are still appreciated. N. N.

Correspondence.

WANTED: A PROGRAMME.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: It is reported that the President assured the Secretary of the Anti-Imperialist League that the Administration would gladly listen to any plan which the League might have except the surrender of the Philippines to Spain; and that three plans were suggested: A joint protectorate by the United States, Great Britain, Germany, and Japan; placing the islands under the temporal authority of the Pope of Rome; leaving them to govern themselves! If all this be true, the League needs a new Secretary, or else we need a new League. Our protests will perish by ridicule unless we agree upon a programme which will commend itself to the common sense and to the conscience of the American people. You have repeatedly suggested the very thing needed, though I have not noticed recent allusions to it which adjust it to the final action of the Peace Commission.

Make the self-denying resolution of Congress apply to the Philippines and to Porto Rico as well as to Cuba. Nobody doubts that it is a subterfuge to restrict it to the only territory which was then in view. You have often proved that we are morally bound to apply it to the other islands. Now we need a simple programme for carrying out what we ought to do. Meet the treaty at the door of the Senate with a plan which will make the United States the most just and magnanimous nation in the world.

It will be very expensive. We must pay the twenty millions to Spain and then give it all away; we must secure order, religious freedom, and equality before the law in the islands; we must forbid foreign interference. But we ought to have thought of that before we began the war. We did think of it in the case of Cuba, and nobody knows what time and money it will cost to redeem that promise. We are bound in conscience and before the world to take care of the helpless people whose cause we rashly took in hand, and never annex them, nor get any other advantage than their gratitude and friendship may freely give. It will not take for ever to secure peace and good government even in the Philippines, and then leave them free and independent. And if it takes a hundred years, what ought to be done must be done. Wolcott Calkins.

Newton, Mass., December 10, 1898.

COLONIES AND THE CONSTITUTION.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: I beg to call the attention of the readers of the *Nation* to the following extract from the opinion of the Supreme Court of the United States in the case of Scott vs. Sandford, 19 Howard's (U. S.) Reports.

Jno. S. Mosby.

San Francisco, November 30, 1898.

"There is certainly no power given by the Constitution to the Federal Government to establish or maintain colonies bordering on the United States or at a distance, to be ruled and governed at its own pleasure; nor to enlarge its territorial limits in any way, except by the admission of new States. That power is plainly given; and if a new State is admitted it needs no further legislation by Congress, because the Constitution itself defines the relative rights and powers and duties of the State, and the citizens of the State, and the Federal Government. But no power is given to acquire a Territory to be held and governed permanently in that character. . . . The power to expand the territory of the United States by the admission of new States is plainly given; and in the construction of this power by all the departments of the Government it has been held to authorize the acquisition of territory, not fit for admission at the time, but to be admitted as soon as its population and situation would entitle it to admission. It is acquired to become a State, and not to be held as a colony and governed by Congress with absolute authority; and as the propriety of admitting a new State is committed to the sound discretion of Congress, the power to acquire territory for that purpose, to be held by the United States until it is in a suitable condition to become a State upon an equal footing with the other States, must rest upon the same discretion. . . . Taking this rule to guide us, it may be safely assumed that citizens of the United States who migrate to a territory belonging to the people of the United States, cannot be ruled as mere colonists, dependent upon the will of the general Government, and to be governed by any laws it may think proper to impose. A power, therefore, in the general Government, to obtain and hold colonies and dependent territories over which they might legislate without restriction, would be inconsistent with its own existence in its present form."

WHAT MAKES FOR WAR.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The clause in the President's message favoring international action looking to the exemption of private property at sea from the risks of war, is likely to meet with approval the commercial world over. But there may nevertheless be dissentient voices on the part of those who hold to the theory that agreements, or conventions, practically tending to neutralize the motives which make nations reluctant to go to war, are of doubtful value. It may be urged that stripping war of its terrors for the classes which naturally oppose it, means smoothing the path of those which naturally clamor for it; and that the true policy is, not to make war easy, but to make it difficult—which certainly will not be achieved in our commercial and commercialized age through "minimizing" its hazards to commerce. The late Prof. Henry Fawcett was an outspoken advocate of the view indicated. He says:

"Of late years a feeling of false humanity has attempted to make the rights of private property respected in war. Life may be sacrificed with as much prodigality as ever. . . . No such attempt to palliate the material disasters of war ought to be encouraged; war will be rendered less frequent if a whole nation is made to feel its terrible consequences, instead of concentrating all the horrors in the sacrifice of thousands of helpless victims who may be marshalled at the caprice of a despot";

the "despot," of course, being, in democratically governed countries, a temporarily crazed public opinion inflamed by the rant of Jingo orators and newspapers.

Read in the light of this at first blush somewhat repellent doctrine, President McKinley's humanely meant suggestion may be interpreted as saying in effect: "The experiences of last year having forcibly brought home to us a sense of the burdens and the waste of war," now is the time for us to counteract this wholesome and deterrent sense by securing an international agreement that shall operate as an assurance to our mercantile classes that, in the future, they may look with comparative indifference upon any war that our yellow journals and Jingoes may try to drag us into.

Perhaps, too, there is a touch of unconscious saturnine humor in this solicitude that the cost of war shall in the future be computed, so far as possible, in blood and not in gold. The Czar calls upon the people to disarm; we (like practical folks bred in the school of "Poor Richard") are to say to them: "Let slaughter be unconfined; but, in the name of civilization and our common humanity, let us agree that future warfare between Christian Powers shall bear lightly on woollens and cottons and steel rail and hog-products." E. G. J.

Milwaukee, December 10, 1898.

[This train of thought may be carried a step further, by inquiring whether the Red Cross Society is not one of the "minimizing" agencies which make for

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war, in the name of humanity. Was it not ominously to the fore at the first prospect of hostilities, as a make-weight in favor of resolving upon them? And did not our incompetent War Department count upon this organization's supplying its own shortcomings—both those arising from a suddenly precipitated war, and those which were the natural consequence of injecting politics into military appointments? And what, let us ask, in the breathing-space between wars, has the Red Cross Society ever done to destroy its own occupation by a propaganda in behalf of peace, as by publications reciting the horrors of war, and by reinforcing the demand for disarmament and a general resort to arbitration in international collisions?—Ed. Nation.]

"THE LATIN PLIGHT."

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: I have read with interest the letter of your correspondent under the above caption, in the last *Nation*, as well as the preceding discussion in your paper and in the *Spectator* regarding the effect of religion on national prosperity. It may be of interest to your readers to note what a great Frenchman thought on this subject a hundred and eighty years ago. Montesquieu, writing as the learned Usbek in the 'Lettres Persanes,' says:

"But, however this may be, their religion certainly gives Protestants an infinite advantage over Catholics. I venture to affirm that, in the present state of Europe, the Catholic religion cannot endure there for five hundred years. Before the power of Spain was humbled, the Catholics were much stronger than the Protestants. The latter have gradually attained an equilibrium. The Protestants will become richer and more powerful, the Catholics feebler. Protestant countries should be, and in fact really are, more populous than Catholic; whence it follows, first, that their revenues are more considerable, increasing in proportion to the number of those who contribute; secondly, that their commerce is more flourishing, because there are more people having to make a fortune, and because, as wants multiply, there are more resources for supplying them. When there are no more than enough people for the cultivation of the land, commerce necessarily perishes, just as when there are only as many as will suffice for the support of trade, agriculture decays; in other words, both must go under together, since devotion to either is at the expense of the other.

"As for the Catholic countries, not only is tillage abandoned, but even industry is hurtful, consisting merely in learning five or six words of a dead language. A man thus equipped need no longer worry about his fortune: he finds in the cloister a tranquil life which, in the world, would have cost him sweat and toil" (Letter cxvii).

Yours truly, J. Rodman Paul.

Philadelphia, December 10, 1898.

THE APOLOGY FOR FRANCE.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Referring to your article on "Voltaire and Dreyfus," permit me to suggest an explanation of the apparent absence of "political conscience" on the part of a large portion of the French people, as illustrated in their attitude toward the Dreyfus case.

Just as every family has a skeleton in a closet, so most political communities are touchy on certain subjects, resenting criticism, and halting and abusing all who try to correct individual wrongs. Southerners did not believe slavery to be right, for all the Biblical arguments of their preachers; but they fancied that, if it were abolished, their whole social system would go to pieces, and that, as individuals, they would share the fate of the whites of Hayti. This is an extreme case, but those of much less importance produce the same feeling, *e. g.*, the devotion to protectionism in Pennsylvania, to double taxation (by a large minority) in Massachusetts, and to the spoils system everywhere, not counting, of course, those directly interested. Those who support these evils know that they are wrong quite as well as the reformers. But they argue that they can't be cured without the destruction of other matters more important to the public welfare, and so, in many cases, they pretend to approve them.

No one would deny that Horace Greeley was a sincere hater of slavery, yet he bitterly resented the criticism of the anti-slavery men of all factions. The Whig party, he wrote in 1852, existed for only two purposes—*the maintenance of protection* and the policy of public improvements. It could carry no election unless it had the votes of all who held these views, differing as they might about slavery. This was good logic, though the event proved that with the majority of the Northern people the moral sense outweighed the apprehension of material loss. But we must not forget that when the North determined on fighting the South, it had not the faintest idea of the seriousness of the struggle, while, instead of sacrificing the economic ideas which the Republicans inherited from the Whigs, their leaders saw, in the changed political balance, the opportunity to perfect them to an extent they had not dreamed of.

Now, in all Continental countries the classes which have anything to lose believe they are living on a volcano. The Reign of Terror and the follies of 1848 are ever present in their minds. Socialism, especially in France and in Italy, may any time get the upper hand, and the powerlessness of the middle and upper classes against the lower has too often been illustrated. The army is the only safeguard for the maintenance of civilization. As the Romans used the half-civilized tribes on their borders as buffers to defend them from the savages beyond, so the upper classes on the Continent, by education, discipline, and habit, turn a considerable portion of their natural enemies into temporary defenders. But such troops must be thoroughly trained and well commanded. No improvised volunteer force of "respectables" could successfully struggle with "organized labor," ignorant and fanatical as such men often are, but filled also with a glowing sense of the manifold injustice of the existing régime. Criticism of military administration tends to destroy discipline, and, if permitted, will bring the army to the same state of moral disintegration which characterized it in 1789. And, compared with another Terror or Commune, what are the sufferings of a few persons like Dreyfus or the victims of the Second of December? Not that they put it, even to themselves, in this bold and heartless manner; but this seems to be the reasoning which they unconsciously follow. W. M. G.

December 8, 1898.

Notes.

'The Students' Life of Jesus,' by Prof. George Holley Gilbert of the Chicago Theological Seminary, is to be published shortly by Macmillan Co.

The Clarendon Press (Henry Frowde) announces 'Lectures and Essays on National Theology and Ethics,' by the late William Wallace, with a biographical introduction from the Master of Balliol, and 'Studies in International Law,' by Prof. T. E. Holland.

Ginn & Co. publish directly 'Bird World,' an illustrated bird book for children, by J. H. Stickney.

New announcements by G. P. Putnam's Sons are 'Fantastic Fables,' by Ambrose Bierce; 'Phil-o-rum's Canoe and Madeleine Vercheres,' by William Henry Drummond, author of 'The Habitant'; 'The Christ,' a poetical study of his life, by the Rev. O. C. Auringer and J. Oliver Smith; and 'The Seven Voices,' a collection of poems by J. Hooker Hamersley, with illustrations by Isabelle Morrison Niles.

The authorized biography of the late Prof. Henry Drummond, by George Adam Smith, will appear this week with the American imprint of Doubleday & McClure Co.

The edition of Brockhaus's 'Conversations-Lexikon' sets a new example in simultaneous issue of the seventeen volumes, with a finishing touch to date all along the line. This innovation must be heartily commended.

Eyes which were young when 'Jane Eyre' was first the talk of the day, will thoroughly enjoy the reprint of that story in two volumes, prepared by Downey & Co., London (New York: Scribners). The type is bold to admiration, and the paper and press-work of the best. A charming portrait of Charlotte Brontë serves as frontispiece.

From the same importing firm we have Dickens's 'Child's History of England' in the Gadshill Edition, prefaced by Mr. Lang's unsparing rating of it as history, and his confession that he had meant to annotate it, but forbore. Further, two more volumes in the Centenary Edition of Carlyle's Works, 'German Romance,' or his translations from the German, with Mr. Traill's introduction, and portraits of some of the authors translated—Musæus, Tieck, Richter, and Hoffmann. Finally, the second series of J. A. Symonds's 'Sketches and Studies in Italy and Greece,' in one volume, and seven volumes of his 'Renaissance in Italy,' lacking an eighth for an index to add to the permanence of this work as well as to its every-day value. These are beautiful specimens of bookmaking in every other respect.

The "Maude Adams" edition of 'The Little Minister' (R. H. Russell) is a showy book on thick paper, with an immaculate binding in white and gold. The illustrations are a blending of stage photographs and of very good designs by C. Allen Gilbert, which would not be so good if they had been made to conform to the other set. Mr. Barrie's admirers will be apt to thank the publisher for this opportunity.

The two-volume reissue of Dumas's 'Twenty Years After' (T. Y. Crowell & Co.) is plainly meant for popular acceptance, and does not challenge praise as a careful product of the press. It is fairly illustrated.

Omar and no end. A quarto edition of his 'Rubáiyát,' from Macmillan, excuses itself on the ground of decoration by W. B. Macdougall, who in turn dedicates it to the

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members of the Omar Khayyám Club. In brief, the scheme is to set four quatrains on two facing pages in a broad border of white arabesque on a very black ground, each fresh double-page having a new border. The result is to our mind too sombre, but it runs with the taste of the day. The cover shows a gold tracery on green silk.

The fashion of republishing collections of drawings from the periodicals of the year seems to be growing. Besides 'Drawings and Cartoons by C. D. Gibson' (R. H. Russell), which do not differ from past collections in manner or quality, we have received three volumes of gaudy-colored prints, reprinted from *Truth* (E. R. Herrick & Co.), by "W. Granville Smith and others," "Charles H. Johnson and others," and "Thulstrup and others," respectively. The "others" include Mr. Wenzel, whose drawings are easily the best in the three volumes. The covers of these books, in green and red, are enough to daunt any but the strongest eyes.

R. H. Russell publishes a new set of designs by William Nicholson, entitled 'London Types,' and accompanied by what Mr. Henley calls "Quatorzains," but what, as far as form goes, Shakspere would have called sonnets. The drawings are good ones, at least one of them ("A Lady") showing a hitherto unsuspected feeling for beauty and elegance, and the verses are, perhaps, good enough for the purpose.

Orange Judd Co. publish 'New Methods in Education,' by J. Liberty Tadd, with many illustrations. The book is not well written, and its author's rather violent manner of expression will provoke dissent, while some of his methods, notably his insistence on ambidexterity and scroll-drawing, will seem of doubtful usefulness to many. It must be said, however, that the showing of results in the work of school-children here illustrated is remarkable.

A *'History of Modern Italian Art'* in near 600 pages 8vo is the portentous achievement of Ashton Rollins Willard (Longmans, Green & Co.). It is not in human nature to *read* such a work on such a subject, especially as a glance at the illustrations is sufficient to convince one that there is no need to revise the common impression, against which the author somewhat feebly protests in his preface, that modern Italian art is "degenerate." The book may, however, be of use for occasional reference. The author has collected his facts from a great variety of sources, and states that he believes they "are now receiving their first English presentation."

Mr. David Wilson, the author of 'Mr. Froude and Carlyle,' which Dodd, Mead & Co. have just published, announces that he himself is engaged on a Life of Carlyle. What he does in this volume is to clear the ground of his predecessors, by slaughtering them. It is, of course, principally upon Mr. Froude that he wreaks himself; and that biographer's blunders and misunderstandings and betrayals are set forth unsparingly. By the aid of survivors among Carlyle's kindred and friends and servants, and utilizing what Prof. Norton and Prof. Masson and Mr. Conway and Tyndall and many others have published on the subject, Mr. Wilson is able to collect a terrible array of mistakes, or worse, in Mr. Froude's writings about the Carlyles. Most strenuous of all is he in declaring that the Froude view of the relations of Carlyle to his wife was simply one huge misconception and misrepresentation; and on some points, at least, the evidence he brings forward relating to this matter is certainly conclusive. Mr. Wilson affirms that he is in possession of complete proof, which he will publish in due time, that there was nothing whatever in Carlyle's relations to Lady Ashburton to warrant Mrs. Carlyle's disturbed feelings on that score.

There is a popular and unfading magic about the notion of far-off islands. Most men find a more lasting fascination in the 'Odyssey,' with its mysterious island adventures and enchantments, than in all the "wealth and woe" of the 'Iliad.' So, when the ancients wearied of the dull mainland, it was for a transatlantic Elysium they yearned—for those fairy lands, the Happy Isles, which must be, they thought, beyond the perilous seas. In his 'Tales of the Enchanted Islands of the Atlantic' (Macmillan) Colonel Higginson has had the happy thought of collecting for youthful readers some of those legends which are on the borderland of American history because they tell of sea expeditions which foreshadowed the discovery of America. From Plato to Ignatius Donnelly men have dreamed of the lost island Atlantis, and even in the seventeenth century the Dutch thought of it as a large island midway between Spain and America. So St. Brandan's Isle, last reported as seen in 1759, has vanished before the explorers. Sometimes it was an ocean mirage or an iceberg that fled before the sailor as the shores of Italy before Æneas; but again it was a real island that seemed to change its position by enchantment, such as the Canaries, which were found and lost, and finally found again as late as 1341. Colonel Higginson's selection includes tales connected with Norse explorations of America and with early Irish history. For these he has drawn largely on Lady Charlotte Guest's translation of 'Mabinogion,' and on Joyce's 'Ancient Celtic Romances.' The result is a set of very pleasing stories, appropriately written, and likely to inspire an interest in Celtic literature. Mr. A. Herter's illustrations are pretty and well suited to the text.

Charles A. Dana's 'Recollections of the Civil War' are put in book form by the Appletons, and make an octavo of 300 pages. His several series of dispatches to the War Department from the field, when he was Assistant Secretary of War, are the solid foundation of the narrative, and give it an authenticity which no mere memoirs could have. His characterizations of civil and military officers and of President Lincoln agree, in the main, with the best opinions of other competent observers who had means of intimate knowledge, and the book will rank among the trustworthy sources of knowledge of the civil war. A curious and interesting task, however, would be a careful comparison of the original dispatches with the Recollections as the author leaves them, and an inquiry into the probable reasons for the omission of a good many anecdotes quite as racy as any which he tells.

'Social Life in the British Army, by a British Officer' (Harpers), is a very pretty reproduction of a recent short series of magazine articles which attracted a good deal of attention, both for the interesting matter of the text and for the spirited and intelligent illustrations by R. Caton Woodville. The outline of life in the crack regiments of the Guards is sketched in a lively way, and compared with the more economical, hard-working experience in the marching regiments. The author makes plain the reasons why independence of fortune is necessary to keep up the style and meet the social and other demands which have become a fixed custom in the one, while men of small means must seek their military career in the other. Some contrasts between garrison life in England and in India are also well drawn, and the little book will help materially in understanding some things in the British service not often discussed in print. The cover is ornamented with a figure of a Cuirassier of the Guards, as brilliant as an heraldic device in gules and argent.

Even one who reads his New York *Herald* at a distance, as over his neighbor's shoulder in a public conveyance, has to be familiar with the daily political cartoon. Those by Charles Nelan relating to the late hostilities have been gathered together in 'Cartoons of Our War with Spain' (Frederick A. Stokes Co.). They are clever, humorous, without extravagance, and strictly opportunist—making for peace in the beginning, putting trust in the President, and then in the god of battles while keeping your powder dry. As arranged chronologically, they reflect the course of events, and together will possess a curious interest hereafter. The three which introduce the German Emperor as coveting the Philippines are among the best of the series. Mr. Nelan avoids brutality, and this is something to be thankful for.

Mr. Thomas Bellows Peck of Walpole, N. H., has made a Genealogy of the Bellows Family which does great credit to the compiler and to the Sentinel Printing Company, Keene, N. H., which has printed the book, an octavo volume of 657 pages. It is very handsome in every respect, and the contents deserve such presentation. The greater part of the work is devoted to Col. Benjamin Bellows, the founder of Walpole, N. H., and his descendants, but a full history has been given of his three sisters, and three chapters to "a reasonably full account" of the descendants of the three sons of "the boy emigrant," who sailed for New England in 1635. The identification of this lad with John Bellows of Concord, Mass., who was the progenitor of all, or nearly all, the Bellowses in the United States, is made out not absolutely, but with strong probability. Mr. Peck's plan involves more than a dry list of names and dates. There are biographical sketches, some of them very elaborate, of persons who have reflected honor on the name; that of the late Rev. Dr. Henry W. Bellows covering *thirty-six pages*. This has been written by his son, Rev. R. N. Bellows, and justifies a hope that the writer will some day write that biography of Dr. Bellows which his friends so far have waited for in vain.

'The Frank Lockwood Sketch-Book' (London: Edward Arnold) is a delightful souvenir of the lamented Q. C. and M. P. whose visit to this country two years ago enlarged not a little the circle of his warm friends. Sir Frank's pencil in court or in Parliament, or pen in private correspondence, was ever tempted to stray into designs well worth preserving among the minor memorabilia of the times and of Men of the Time. Perhaps Thackeray's similar gift offers the nearest parallel; yet Dicky Doyle might have admitted much of this selection to his company, and worthy of Leech is the Sporting Underwriter (p. 73), who, gun in hand, asks, "Would you like to insure?" and to whom the Bold Bird replies, "No, I'll take the risk!" though not two feet away. The Par-

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nell Commission and the Jameson trial furnish part of this material; travel in two hemispheres still more. In "Cleveland and Olney," on p. 45, is there not a mistaken ascription—for Olney read Carlisle? The caricatures of Gladstone and Balfour are among the best in a series including many lights of the bar and of Parliament—Bradlaugh, Chamberlain, Harcourt, Fitzjames Stephen, and even Bismarck, Edison (less happy), and Depew (very good).

The success of Mr. Wells's charming little book on 'Oxford and its Colleges' has induced its publishers (London: Methuen & Co.) to bring out a companion volume on Cambridge. But they have been unfortunate in their selection of a writer. Mr. A. Hamilton Thompson had some reputation as the master of a pretty style when he was an undergraduate at Cambridge a year or so ago; and this has emboldened him to write the architectural history of his university from his general impressions of the likelihood and fitness of things. But Cambridge—with the portly volumes of Willis and Clark everywhere easily accessible, giving the date of almost every stone in every building—is the place of all the world where an impressionist method is most hazardous; and so Mr. Thompson has found to his cost. His publishers would do well to follow the advice of the learned Registrary of Cambridge, and withdraw the book altogether.

From the same publishers comes a much more considerable contribution to the history of educational foundations, Mr. Wasey Sterry's 'Annals of the King's College of Our Lady of Eton beside Windsor.' Intended, apparently, to be supplementary to Sir Henry Maxwell Lyte's well-known history of Eton, it dwells especially on the social life of the great college. To Eton men it will be most entertaining; to the serious student of educational history, somewhat disappointing, for its author makes little attempt to bring out the larger significance of the facts he records. But as a very considerable proportion of the most interesting Englishmen in the history of the last two centuries have passed through Eton, and as Mr. Sterry has carefully put together all he can learn about their school days, the "general reader" will find "fine confused feeding" in it. It is a book which to any editor who wanted a couple of columns of good stories of a scholastic and literary flavor would prove a perfect godsend. We refrain with difficulty from citing some specimens; and we must confess that the story of a Fellow as bald as an egg who preached on the text, "My sins are more in number than the hairs of my head," does strain our credulity. Mr. Sterry does not tell us much of the internal life of the school to-day, or else he might cast some light on the current witticism that Jameson's Raid was lost on the Playing Fields of Eton.

A late number of the *Architectural Record* had an interesting article by William H. Goodyear, called "Unknown Italy," and occupied with the mediæval architecture of the Province of Bari. The treasures of that part are in fair way of not remaining long unknown. As recently as last July we called attention to the rich and beautiful collection of casts of the mediæval sculpture of this region (doorways, tombs, capitals, etc.), made expressly for the international exhibition at Turin. Since that the committee responsible for this exhibit has published a thin octavo, 'Nella Terra di Bari' (Trani: V. Vecchi), with 127 illustrations from ancient monuments in the places visited by Mr. Goodyear, which, as it was published at the low price of 2 lire, has had an extensive sale in Italy. We could wish that Mr. Goodyear might find it in his heart to describe and illustrate other places to the south of Bari, as, *e. g.*, Lecce and its marvellous rococo; or that he would go further afield and give us some account of the really remarkable remains of the middle ages to be seen in Sardinia, a land even more unknown than the south of Italy.

From Frederick A. Stokes Co. we receive a number of pictorial wall calendars for 1899. In colors, the best are Maud Humphrey's, strong in her chosen field of child portraiture, and Paul de Longpré's, wholly floral. In black and white, Mabel L. Humphrey carries off the palm, with a series of society groups noticeably firm and knowing in draughtsmanship, and excellent examples of the typical American man and maid. The drawing here is far better than in Archie Gunn's flashy and unpleasant cartoons. There is also a "Calendar of Modern Art," with half-a-dozen mediocre photogravures after paintings of no great distinction by modern French artists.

The Wehrhane Memorial Lectureship at Johns Hopkins, founded by Mr. J. B. Noel Wyatt of Baltimore, is to be opened by a course of six lectures in January by Prof. Kuno Francke of Harvard, on "Certain Phases of Flemish and German Religious Painting of the Fifteenth and Sixteenth Centuries." They will be illustrated with the lantern.

One recalls the famous angling collection of Mr. John Bartlett, but it is perhaps unusual for a publisher to amass a library of his own. Mr. Robert Clarke of Cincinnati, however, it is well known, brought together a valuable historical and general library of upwards of 6,500 volumes, and these, by the generosity of Mr. William A. Procter, have just been presented to the University of Cincinnati.

A subscriber desires us to ask if there is any library in this country rich in Persian books and manuscripts. In particular, he would like to know whether the Calcuttâ edition of Sadi's Complete Works is to be found anywhere here.

—Vol. xxix. of the Jesuit Relations (Cleveland: Burrows Brothers Co.) is restricted to the events of 1646. In it only two hands appear: that of Jerome Lalemant, Vimont's successor as local superior, and that of Paul Ragueneau, who writes on behalf of the Huron mission. Two chapters of Lalemant's Relation for the year have already been given in vol. xxviii.; chapter iii. opens with a brief but touching necrology. Both of the Fathers whose "blessed deaths" are described have been familiar figures throughout the course of these narratives. It will be remembered that Enemond Massé came to Acadia in 1611 with Pierre Biard, was a member of the colony at St. Sauveur on Mt. Desert Island, and, after Argall's destruction of that settlement, passed through some singular adventures before reaching France. Returning after an interval to the Laurentian part of Canada, he became a faithful though minor agent in the hands of his order, and died at St. Joseph aged seventy-two years. The set of rules which he drew up for the conduct of his life, and which was found only after his death, forms one of the most remarkable passages which have yet appeared in this work. The end of the other Father, Anne de Nouë, was of a more tragical kind. The son of a gentleman who owned a château near Rheims, he had begun his career as a page at court, but, soon fleeing from its dangers, he entered the Jesuit order and toiled sixteen years in Canada: "always with courage, always with fervor, and always with deep humility." This innocent, patient man was frozen to death while attempting to cross the St. Lawrence from Three Rivers to the mouth of the Richelieu. Some soldiers in his band grew fatigued, De Nouë went alone for aid, lost his way in a snow-storm, and perished.

—Another prominent feature of Lalemant's report is the establishment of a mission among the Iroquois. Isaac Jogues, who had so recently been tortured by them, led the forlorn hope, and, accompanied by an envoy from the French Governor, entered the Mohawk country. Of his work there, more anon. The characteristics of Lalemant's own style as official reporter are worth attention. He makes a very cheerful and buoyant Superior, looking at matters always from their best side, and deriving great satisfaction from the conduct of his converts. In simple and rather garrulous strain he relates the virtues which Christian Indians show in their new state of grace. A widow whose only son had become an invalid resisted the approaches of a sorceress who offered to cure him, answering that she would not avail herself of demoniacal aid. "I prefer losing sight of my son to losing my soul and his." One of the Abenakis fell sick at St. Joseph, developed a burning fever, and was soon delirious. He raved on in unconnected fashion about other subjects, but was quite clear and reasonable if spoken to about baptism and salvation. A party of Hurons came down to St. Joseph during a time of scarcity. At first the Christian Indians were in doubt as to whether they should feed the strangers, but an Algonquin, perceiving that the Hurons prayed to God, exclaimed: "We must no longer deliberate whether they shall be given something for dinner; they are our kinsfolk, since they believe as we, and honor prayer." Altogether, the savages seem to have been on their good behavior during this year.

—Prof. Schell, about two years ago, when Rector of the University of Würzburg, published a book in which he sought to demonstrate that the true principles of the Roman Catholic Church demanded freedom of scientific research; criticising rather sharply the Jesuitic and Latin influences that had put the scholarship of the Church into antagonism with the methods and principles of true independent scholarship. Although attempts were made to boycott the Würzburg institution, on account of the spirit displayed by so prominent a member of its theological faculty, Dr. Schell has continued his agitation, and has found within his church others to join him in his demand for freedom of investigation. In France there is a movement of a more practical nature, aiming at reform in the doctrine and life of the Church. Its leader is the former Abbé Bourrier, who is also the editor of its organ, *Le Chrétien Français*. A number of younger ecclesiastics have severed their connection with the Church, and a special place of refuge, the *Maison hospitalière*, in Sèvres, has been established for them until they can be settled over independent churches. The French movement has already crossed the boundary into Belgium and Holland, where an eloquent former priest, Victor Charbon-

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nels, has been delivering public addresses, especially on social topics. The agitation has been discussed in the Parliament and has been very favorably received by the public press, especially the influential journals of the capital city. The adherents of the movement seem to belong to the more energetic and educated writers of the clergy. In Italy the independent spirit is exemplified chiefly in two young churchmen, Don Miroglia, who demands reforms in the life of the Church, and Don Negroni, whose agitations are rather along social lines. The former has been excommunicated; his ideal in Church and State is Savonarola, while the ideal of Don Miroglia is rather Mazzini. Both these active agitators have begun their work independently of each other, and independently of similar tendencies in other Catholic countries.

—Under the direction of Major-Gen. Strahan, R.E., Surveyor-General of India, was published recently a quarto volume embracing reports of three expeditions organized under the Survey Department for observing the total eclipse of the sun on January 22 last. None of the parties suffered from interference of cloud, and their optical and photographic work is of a high order. The party of Mr. Pope, Assistant Surveyor-General, secured at Dumraon photographs of the extreme outer wisps of the solar corona which had not previously been surpassed, these faint filaments having in all earlier eclipses failed to record themselves on the plate, although often visible to the naked eye. One of these embellishes the volume as its frontispiece. Capt. Conyngham, deputy superintendent, established camp at Pulgaon, and conducted efficiently all preliminaries for the installation of instruments brought out from England by Capt. Hills, R.E., who visited India, representing the joint-eclipse committee of the Royal and Royal Astronomical Societies. Mr. Newall, a member also of this party, used a fine spectroscope for testing the rotation of the corona bodily with the sun itself. The third party was located at Sahdol, and embraced the Astronomer Royal, Mr. Christie, and Prof. Turner of Oxford, besides Major Burrard, superintendent of the survey. Prof. Turner secured photographs through prisms of Iceland spar for testing the polarization of coronal light. The Astronomer Royal's fine large-scale photographs are said to be the best yet taken. Major Burrard appends to his report a paper on the Hindu method of eclipse prediction, sharply contrasting the ancient astronomy with the modern. The 'Surya Siddhanta' gives strict rules for calculating eclipses, but warns posterity against blindly trusting to its data without occasional checks by observation. This ancient work embodies many mathematical tables similar in formation to those familiar to present-day calculators. Major Burrard further adds a section on future total eclipses in India and the world generally, founded on data in Mrs. Todd's 'Total Eclipses of the Sun,' and subdividing these solar obscurations into twelve families, with useful charts illustrating admirably the progression of eclipses across the face of the globe.

RECENT AMERICAN POETRY.

The great issues of the Spanish war, for good or for evil, begin to touch our poetry, but as yet in that shallow way which disappointed us all in the civil war, before Lowell had written his "Commemoration Ode," or Mrs. Howe her "Battle Hymn," or Aldrich his "Fredericksburg" sonnet. The first impulse towards war-songs, whether by land or sea, is apt to be somewhat feeble and scarcely even imitative, yet Mr. R. L. Paget's 'Poems of American Patriotism, 1776-1898' (Boston: Page), is a book of historic value, because under its blood-red and tasteless cover it includes, besides some earlier verse, two hundred solid pages of rhymes of all grades called forth by the Spanish war, and recording better than anything else the strange mixture of emotions then prevailing among the American people. It is curious to look through these trashy but eager pages and see that, while there are poems calling for vengeance for the *Maine*, and plenty more that breathe wrath against Spain's retrospective sins, there is not one which utters a wish for "expansion" or "imperialism" or the functions of a world-power. Anti-Spanish hatred is, of course, at its climax throughout.

> "Back to their gaunt Iberian crag
> Her desolating legions hurl,
> Or let the wild Atlantic's swirl
> Their souls and bodies hellward drag."

This and similar pleasant reveries by Mr. Albert Roland Haven show how far we Americans are above the ignoble state of mind supposed to prevail among the "minions" of our enemy. It would be unjust to take this old-fashioned Cromwellian as a type of all the new brood of war-poets, but an added argument against war is certainly to be found in this exhibition of the poetic mind enkindled. If there is such a thing as elevated Christian sentiment, we must rather look for it on that quarterdeck where the order was given, "Don't cheer, boys; don't you see the poor fellows are dying?"

The best of the recent books of war-poetry is doubtless 'Under the Stars, and other Verses,' by Wallace Rice and Barrett Eastman (Chicago: Way & Williams), and the best of these verses is "The Cheer of the Men who Speak English," of which the title is a good point well taken (p. 18):

> The ships-of-the-line beat to quarters,
> The drum and bugle sound,
> The lanterns of battle are lighted,
> "Cast off! Provide!" goes round;
> But ere the shrill order is given
> From broadsides hot with hate,
> Far over the sea
> Rings hearty and free
> Defiance to every fate:
> Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!
> Three cheers and a tiger, too,
> For the fight to be won
> And each sturdy son
> Who'll carry the victory through!
> Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!
> With the shout of the fleet
> For foes doomed to defeat,
> And one cheer more
> For those winning before,
> And all who shall win again:
> This is the cry of the men—
> The cheer of the men who speak English!

'Songs of War and Peace,' by Sam Walter Foss (Boston: Lee & Shepard), praises war enthusiastically, and then inconsistently dispraises Napoleon. 'Berth-Deck Ballads,' by William S. Bate (New York: Longwood Press), is ardent in zeal, though lame in execution; it has a picture of the *Maine* by way of frontispiece. A volume, entitled 'The Shrine of Love,' by Lucien A. Rule (H. S. Stone & Co.), devotes the last dozen pages to what might better be called "A Shrine of Hate," beginning, of course, with vengeance for the *Maine*, and ending with the usual comforting assurance that the Lord must be on our side, and that whoever resists an American war-ship must be nothing less than a devil (p. 131):

> The God of Battles wills it: he commands
> To slay this Amalek of modern lands.
> This haughty devil that so boldly dared
> Defy His holy justice, let her fall;
> And He Himself shall mock her if she call.
> If but one soul abided that was just,
> Within her borders, Vengeance still might stay
> The work of slaughter; but she stands to-day
> A Sodom and Gomorrah, His disgust.

It is almost a relief afterwards to turn to 'War Echoes,' by Ernest Howard Crosby (Philadelphia: Innes), which, although written in sprawling Whitmanesque, yet puts in a word on the side of humanity (p. 5):

THE BATTLE OF ATBARA, APRIL 8, 1898.

"British victory in the Sudan?"
"The enemy clung obstinately to the trenches, and were bayoneted in them."
"Nothing could have been finer than the behavior of the troops."
Nothing finer, indeed!
White Christian soldiers three thousand miles from home, in the pay of white Christian bondholders, bayoneting black Mohammedans for defending their native land, and setting the example of bloodshed to brown Mohammedans whom they had already trained to slaughter!
Good God, is it too much to hope that the day may come when every sane man will shrink from running a bayonet into a fellow-creature, as he would now shrink from torturing a baby?
We look back with pity, contempt, and detestation on the times of the rack and wheel and fagot, we who are still in the thick of the Dark Ages ourselves!
A ten-fold better man is the true Mussulman dervish fighting for his home, than one of these Christian hypocrites emphasizing their barbarian butcheries with chaplains and crosses and Te-Deums and every kind of shameless lie and blasphemy.

The slender volume of poems by Prof. C. D. G. Roberts, 'New York Nocturnes, and Other Poems,' is undoubtedly the most promising of recent American poetic products; for though it errs in the opposite direction from the "robustious" school, though there is sometimes felt a little thinness of material, yet the execution is often exquisite, and the feeling high and profound. Except Mr. Piatt's "The Morning Street," there has been no American poem on the avenues of a city like Prof. Roberts's "Night in a Down-town Street"; it gives the city without its people, and is solemn, like a glimpse of Pompeii (p. 10):

> Not in the eyed, expectant gloom
> Where soaring peaks repose
> And incommunicable space
> Companions with the snows;
>
> Not in the glimmering dusk that crawls
> Upon the clouded sea,
> Where bourneless wave on bourneless wave
> Complains continually;
>
> Not in the palpable dark of woods
> Where groping hands clutch fear,
> Does Night her deeps of solitude
> Reveal unveiled as here.
>
> The street is a grim cañon carved
> In the eternal stone,
> That knows no more the rushing stream
> It anciently has known.
>
> The emptying tide of life has drained
> The iron channel dry.
> Strange winds from the forgotten day
> Draw down, and dream, and sigh.
>
> The narrow heaven, the desolate moon,
> Made wan with endless years,
> Seem less immeasurably remote
> Than laughter, love, or tears.

Prof. Roberts's poems of nature always ring true, especially where the scene lies in those Northern regions which he knows best; and in his love-poems there is a high and Keats-like flavor, as in this (p. 36):

A NOCTURNE OF CONSECRATION.

I talked about you, Dear, the other night,
Having myself alone with my delight.
Alone with dreams and memories of you,
All the divine-houred summer stillness through
I talked of life, of love, the always new,
Of tears, and joy—yet only talked of you.

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To the sweet air
That breathed upon my face
The spirit of lilies in a leafy place,
Your breath's caress, the lingering of your hair,
I said: "In all your wanderings through the dusk,
Your waitings on the marriages of flowers
Through the long intimate hours
When soul and sense, desire and love confer,
You must have known the best that God has made.
What do you know of Her?"

Said the sweet air—
"Since I have touched her lips,
Bringing the consecration of her kiss,
Half passion and half prayer,
And all for you,
My various lore has suffered an eclipse.
I have forgot all else of sweet I knew."

. . . . . .

To the white stars,
Eternal and all-seeing,
In their wide home beyond the wells of being,
I said—"There is a little cloud that mars
The mystical perfection of her kiss.
Mine, mine, She is.
As far as lip to lip, and heart to heart,
And spirit to spirit when lips and hands must part,
Can make her mine. But there is more than this—
More, more of Her to know.
For still her soul escapes me unaware,
To dwell in secret where I may not go.
Take, and uplift me. Make me wholly Hers."

Said the white stars, the heavenly ministers—
"This life is brief, but it is only one.
Before to-morrow's sun
For one or both of you it may be done.
This love of yours is only just begun.
Will all the ecstasy that may be won
Before this life its little course has run
At all suffice
The love that agonizes in your eyes?
Therefore be wise.
Content you with the wonder of love that lies
Between her lips and underneath her eyes.
If more you would surprise,
What would be left to hope from Paradise?

The two poets of the present American school who stand nearest to Mr. Roberts are Richard Watson Gilder and Bliss Carman. Neither of these quite holds his own in his new volume; the obstacle in Mr. Gilder's case being possibly preoccupation, and in Mr. Carman a certain flavor of immaturity. He does not seem to grow up to what was expected of him, while Mr. Gilder appears to hold his poetic work in subordination to editing and to municipal reform. Yet in his 'In Palestine, and Other Poems' (Century Co.), the poem on Col. Shaw's monument is noble, and "A Song of the Road" delicious; but the finest and highest point is reached in these lines on Helen Keller (p. 103):

OF ONE WHO NEITHER SEES NOR HEARS.

She lives in light, not shadow;
Not silence, but the sound
Which thrills the stars of heaven
And trembles from the ground.

She breathes a finer ether,
Beholds a keener sun;
In her supernal being
Music and light are one.

Unknown the subtile senses
That lead her through the day;
Love, light, and song and color
Come by another way.

Sight brings she to the seeing,
New song to those that hear;
Her braver spirit sounding
Where mortals fail and fear.

She at the heart of being
Serene and glad doth dwell;
Spirit with scarce a veil of flesh;
A soul made visible.

Or is it only a lovely girl
With flowers at her maiden breast?
Helen, here is a book of song
From the poet who loves you best.

Mr. Carman's 'By the Aurelian Wall, and Other Elegies' (Lamson, Wolffe & Co.) shows some of his valuable qualities and some of his limitations. It consists almost wholly of elegies on Keats, Shelley, Stevenson, Verlaine, Phillips Brooks, and others; and the inevitable effect of monotony thus produced is enhanced by the author's habit of what would be called by his admirers affluence, and by his severer critics prolixity. He has in this the example of Shelley, no doubt, but have not the great elegies from those in the Greek anthology down to "Sidney's Sister, Pembroke's Mother," been remarkable rather for terseness? Indeed, Mr. Carman's own "A Sea Child" and Mr. Roberts's epitaph "On a Sailor Dying Ashore" furnish proof that this concentration of emotion, this picture at a stroke, is still possible. While Mr. Carman's out-door reveries are often charming, his readers have looked for him to do his share in the modern "Lyra Celtica"—in the ranks of bards like Mangan with his "My Dark Rosaleen"; or like Yeats and Lionel Johnson; or like Fiona MacLeod with her "Prayer for Women," or Alice Carrington with "The Doom-Bar." Mr. Carman, since he wrote "The Song of Gamelbar," has given his proofs that he belongs in this class, and must accept its duties. We would not, however, speak slightingly of his fine dirge for Phillips Brooks (p. 59):

This is the white winter day of his burial.
Time has set here of his toiling the span
Earthward, naught else. Cheer him out through the portal,
Heart-beat of Boston, our utmost in man!

Out in the broad open sun be his funeral,
Under the blue for the city to see.
Over the grieving crowd mourn for him, bugle!
Churches are narrow to hold such as he.

Here on the steps of the temple he builded,
Rest him a space, while the great city square
Throngs with his people, his thousands, his mourners;
Tears for his peace and a multitude's prayer.

How comes it, think you, the town's traffic pauses
Thus at high noon? Can we wealthmongers grieve?
Here in the sad surprise greatest America
Shows for a moment her heart on her sleeve.

. . . . . .

Bear him to burial, Harvard, thy hero!
Not on thy shoulders alone is he borne;
They of the burden go forth on the morrow,
Heavy and slow, through a world left forlorn.

. . . . . .

Take the last vesture of beauty upon thee,
Thou doubting world; and with not an eye dim
Say, when they ask if thou knowest a Saviour,
"Brooks was His brother, and we have known him."

Mr. Carman's name naturally suggests that of his associate in 'Vagabondia,' Mr. Richard Hovey, who has reprinted his remarkable dramatic poem, "The Marriage of Guenevere," with two associated poems, "The Quest of Merlin" and "The Birth of Galahad"—these being in three small and attractive volumes (Boston: Small, Maynard & Co.). We have long since expressed our admiration of the original poem of this series, and especially of its fine conclusion, where the guilty lovers are crushed with remorse by the noble confidence of Arthur. All three of the poems are upon a high key, with fine sonorous passages, and only weak, as modern dramas are apt to be, in the passages of humor. It requires consummate tact to introduce mediæval clowns and servitors and clothe them in appropriate dialogue; but to make them call for "a drink as is a drink," or express a preference for Stilton cheese, or to make a Faun sing (Merlin, p. 23):

Foxes in the poultry-yard
Making free with chickens!
Crows in the cornfield
Pecking like the dickens—

this is a little beyond the line of good taste and therefore of discretion. Yet we renew our testimony to the really high dramatic work of Mr. Hovey.

'In This Our World' (Boston: Small, Maynard & Co.), by Charlotte Perkins Stetson, is rather to be described as a series of little tracts than as a volume of poems. With constant iteration, through jest and earnest, she brings a series of appeals which rattle epigrammatically round the head of the reader, stirring up some sympathy and quite as much antagonism. She will doubtless make converts and will certainly create opponents; indeed, she will find readers who will oppose some excellent ideas simply from the manner in which she urges them. All this is equivalent to saying that she has the Beecher blood in her, and that so marked a strain does not always show itself agreeably in the third generation. Many, for instance, who believe in woman suffrage, will not be prepossessed by her vehement objurgations on private housekeeping and the ordinary family life; nor will they be attracted by her apparent theory that it is a selfish and in fact a brutal thing, in mothers, to desire the especial and personal care of their children (p. 133):

"Yet seeking, like brute mothers of the past,
To give all things to her own child herself."

In the same poem, called "Motherhood," she says that the future woman's son will praise his mother,

"Not for assiduous service spent on him.
But for the wisdom which has set him forth
A clear-brained, pure-souled, noble-hearted man."

It would seem as if this training for high wisdom began, surely, in the assiduous service and was largely an outcome of that. Boarding-schools doubtless have their use, especially for exceptional children; but to substitute a boarding-kindergarten for the private nursery appears a doubtful manifestation of high wisdom.

It is to the merit of Mrs. Julia Ward Howe that she is one of those mothers whose children rise up and call her blessed, even if she did not send them to a day-nursery. It may also be said of her, in honor, that she has waited late in life before reprinting her poems in a final volume, entitled 'From Sunset Ridge: Songs Old and New' (Houghton); and this, undoubtedly, from her constant absorption in reformatory and educational work. How far her muse might have grown by concentration it is vain to ask; and it is a great thing to have achieved a sure success by a single poem. She was, unquestionably, the only lyrist of the civil war, and this is a great deal. To represent her "Battle-Hymn of the Republic," as a sort of "Marseillaise" which swept all ranks and grades of men, is, probably, an exaggeration; the tune, which was already familiar, had of course an immense hold, but the words as given by her were for thoughtful and cultivated minds and were not quite understood by others; one rarely heard them sung in camps, and the popular song-books of soldiers did not usually contain them. This does not detract from their power and beauty, but merely defines the direction in which the qualities were exerted. Mrs. Howe has shown too much rather than too little modesty in the selection, some of the very best of her shorter poems, as "My Last Dance" and "Rouge Gagne," being altogether omitted.

It is interesting to notice that poems proceeding from California, though often socially magniloquent and giving fine names to their heroines, are apt to have strong local coloring as regards external nature; they really discard skylark and nightingale and English hedgerows; the difference in climate and scenery is so irresistible that even American literary imitativeness yields to it, and strikes out for itself. Thus, in 'By the Western Sea,' by Marshall Ilsley (San Francisco: Elder), we are really on the western side of the continent, and this is a

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great thing. Even "Epiphany" does not suggest merely the prayer-book of the English Church (p. 28):

The mountains are pale
In noon's veil,
Without a crevice or cleft appear,
As if there were no atmosphere,
Like the young hills drawn
In the dawn
Of kneeling art in Italy,
Unquestioning lines, on a doubtless sky:
Hills lamb-pure as Assisi's saint,
Empty of cloud or dusty taint,
Just a distinct, gray, pinnacled wall
In its very bareness mystical,
As firm and frank as the faith of a child
Undefiled.
Ah this noonday crystalline!
This ring of glory that is mine,
Where the meadow-larks sing,
It is Spring!

Turn to the earth,
And the mirth
Of the scarlet-breast finches in rows on the fence,
Careless of whither or how or whence;
Who find enough fun
In the sun,
Playing keep school in long rows—only play,
For nobody thinks of duty to-day.
Just to be is enough for me,
And drink deep cups of eternity.
A pair of bright blue-birds come into the game,
And a glancing swift as swift as flame;
The exuberant tourney is to strive
Who is most alive,
Who has most of God in his head and heart,
Can capture of mirth the biggest part,
Who to the lists can the most life bring,
Where the meadow-larks sing,
It is Spring!

Another instance of California's local coloring is in the 'Sonnets of Edward Robeson Taylor on some pictures painted by William Keith' (San Francisco: Taylor). Here the local quality appears not merely in the paintings, of which one is reproduced, but in the sonnets, as in the following (p. 25):

THE UNCEASING ROUND.

In centre of the canvas see this pine
All stark in death, with arms in vain appeal
For what it nevermore can taste or feel
Of joys of earth or of the heavens divine.
Straight as in life it stands, still bearing sign
Of noble majesty and dauntless will;
While at its base its elder brothers spill
Their ashes where the grasses kiss and twine.
A glorious redwood centuries have blessed
Uptowers, while with bliss of life possessed
The forest sings in grand, harmonious tone.
And careless men pass by—the children they
Of other children death has made his own,
And who like them shall strive and pass away.

From a point yet farther than California, though not so localized in respect to climate, Mrs. Ella Higginson sends a volume characteristic of Puget Sound, 'When the Birds Go North Again' (Macmillan). Both the prose and the verse of this lady are now well known; and the sole defect she suffers, through isolation from literary centres, does not lie in the want of material or of mental activity, for she has both. If she suffers in any direction, it is because of her distance from an atmosphere of criticism, so that she has to forego that pruning and restraining which she might elsewhere have, and really does not always know what to publish and what to withhold. Much of what she writes rises to a fairly even grade, but other poems are far inferior, and indeed she occasionally, as in her poem called "Hate," utters emotions too extreme to be even called poetic. On the other hand, she has here two sonnets, so noble in conception and execution that, in spite of a few technical defects, they constitute easily the high-water mark of the book, and might serve of themselves to give the author a reputation (p. 139):

YET AM I NOT FOR PITY.

For me there are no cities, no proud halls,
No storied paintings, nor the chiselled snow
Of statues; never have I seen the glow
Of sunset die upon the deathless walls
Of the pure Parthenon; no soft light falls
For me in dim cathedrals, where the low,
Still seas of supplication ebb and flow;
No dream of Rome my longing soul enthralls.
But oh, to gaze in a long tranced delight
On Venice rising from the purple sea!
Oh, but to feel one golden evening pale
On that famed island from whose lonely heights
Dark Sappho sank in burning ecstasy!
But once—but once—to hear the nightingale!

Yet am I not for pity. This blue sea
Burns with the opal's deep and splendid fires
At sunset; these tall firs are classic spires
Of chaste design and marvellous symmetry
That lift to burnished skies. Let pity be
For him who never felt the mighty lyres
Of Nature shake him thro' with great desires.
These pearl-topped mountains shining silently—
They are God's sphinxes and God's pyramids;
These dim-aisled forests His cathedrals, where
The pale nun Silence tiptoes, velvet-shod,
And Prayer kneels with tireless, parted lids;
And thro' the incense of this holy air
Trembling—I have come face to face with God.

We spoke in admiration, some time since, of the translation by Mr. Taylor of the fine sonnets—unique in French literature—of José-Maria de Heredia (San Francisco: Doxey). It is greatly to the translator's honor that he has just issued a second edition of this work with copious and careful revision of his versions. We have compared the two volumes with each other and with the originals, and find the changes in almost every instance an improvement, either in grace or literalness or both combined. More than this, the greater wealth and seriousness of the English tongue give sometimes an advantage which almost balances the greater delicacy and precision of the French. As a reproduction of the various scenes and persons depicted, these sonnets stand alone. Mr. Philip Becker Goetz, in his 'Poems' (Boston: Badger), has also rendered a few of Heredia's sonnets well, but less well than Mr. Taylor.

'Voices of the Morning,' by J. A. Edgerton (Chicago: Kerr), has something of the crudeness of the young radical; but shows, on the whole, a generous and hopeful spirit. The following verses are from his elegy on Henry George (p. 97):

What can we say of thee, but only this?
We had a prophet and we knew him not.
Another age will rate thee at thy worth,
A great, warm-hearted, fearless, honest man;
A nobleman who took his rank from God
And bore it like a king. And, O the poor,
How true a friend they've lost in losing thee!
Who ever plead their cause with tongue and pen,
And gave a plan to help them and the race.

Now, like a warrior on a battle-field
Whose last charge was his best, thy end has come.
Thou sought to raise our great Queen City up
From out the mire, and fought wrong face to face;
And, as thou led the hosts of toilers on,
Against the citadels of fraud and greed,
Just at the hour of seeming victory,
Thy summons came and we were left alone.

A curious and interesting point of an increasing mixture of races may be found in 'Songs from the Ghetto,' by Morris Rosenfeld, with prose translation and glossary by Leo Wiener, instructor in the Slavic Languages at Harvard University (Boston: Copeland & Day). We learn here, better than in any book readily accessible, the secret of that Yiddish or Judeo-German dialect, or group of dialects, of which we hear so much; and as this dialect is presented, so far as possible, in the orthography of ordinary German, the book forms really a primer of the language. Mr. Rosenfeld is of Polish birth, worked for years in a sweater's shop, and is now a journalist. His poems are almost all infinitely sombre, but simple and human; and one understands, after reading them, that verse which says, "If one who is well versed in music were to hear a Jewish song, he could not abstain from shedding tears or from being deeply moved by every sound of it" (p. 45).

'A Century of Indian Epigrams, Chiefly from the Sanskrit of Bhartrihari,' by Paul Elmer More (Houghton), is a work of scholarship and skill, and although Mr. More has not unearthed another Omar Khayyám, there is much in this little volume which is terse, meditative, and telling; the following, for instance (p. iii):

One boasted: "Lo; the earth my bed,
This arm a pillow for my head,
The moon my lantern, and the sky
Stretched o'er me like a purple canopy.

"No slave-girls have I, but all night
The four winds fan my slumbers light."—
And I, astonished: "Like a lord
This beggar sleeps; what more could wealth afford?"

'Gleanings from Poetic Fields,' by Robert Tilney (Philadelphia: Winston), contains memories of Oxford and of Fleet Street, while one at least of the poems was written in camp at Nottoway Court-house, Virginia, during the civil war. The translations which form the greater part of the book have the usual defect of such collections, that they select mainly things rendered a hundred times before, as Schiller's "Thekla's Lament" and Uhland's "Landlady's Daughter." 'Magnolia Leaves,' by Mrs. Mary Weston Fordham (Charleston, S. C.: Walker), is a little book by a colored authoress, with a commendatory preface by Booker T. Washington. The poems are simple, pleasing, and domestic.

In 'The Dream Beautiful, and Other Poems,' by Charles Hamilton Musgrove (Louisville: Morton), the best dream is perhaps in this Ode to Omar Khayyám, which closes with a good and well-phrased thought (p. 26):

Omar, when I have stilled my spirit's fire
To heed the yearning music of your lyre,
I wonder if beyond the mystic veil
You found the region of the Heart's Desire.

I wonder if the faith you kept is best,
If after all those hearts are happiest
Who crown life's little day with feast and song,
Then go contented to their dreamless rest.

. . . . . .

I sometimes stoop above the rose's bed
And gaze into its heart so richly red,
And wonder where can Omar be the while
His garden blooms so bravely round his head;

And then remember how so long, so long,
The dust of earth has stopped his tuneful tongue,
And think how sweet must be his sleep beneath
The everlasting laurels of a song.

RECENT FICTION

Rupert of Hentzau. By Anthony Hope. Henry Holt & Co.

The Terror. Translated from the Provençal of Félix Gras by Catharine A. Janvier. D. Appleton & Co.

The Instinct of Step-Fatherhood. By Lilian Bell. Harper & Brothers.

Phases of an Inferior Planet. By Ellen Glasgow. Harper & Brothers.

The Fatal Gift. By F. Frankfort Moore. Dodd, Mead & Co.

Her Memory. By Maarten Maartens. D. Appleton & Co.

A Lover's Revolt. By J. W. De Forest. Longmans, Green & Co.

The Deserter, and Other Stories: A Book of Two Wars. By Harold Frederic. Boston: Lothrop Publishing Co.

We own to a feeling of wrath that the sequel to the 'Prisoner of Zenda' should ever have been thought of. That was a pretty episode as it stood, and its crowning charm was the fine nobility with which the characters made their exits—Flavia wearing her crowns, that of royalty and that other one

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of silent grief; Rudolph Rassendyll, with his red Elphberg hair, stepping down and out from Ruritania. The story, which, however interesting, hovered always on the brink of burlesque, became dignified and even affecting by the manner of its close. To reopen the half-shut portal through which two gracious figures were seen receding, waving one another an eternal farewell, is in itself a literary, dramatic, and moral anti-climax which hurts the feelings even before one opens the covers of 'Rupert of Hentzau.' For ourselves, reading has not dispelled the judgment formed beforehand. We liked Flavia well enough not to witness her egregious folly; and Rudolph too well not to dislike having his dashing chatter about himself give place to apotheosizing on the part of his comrades in arms. Old Sapt, indeed, has lost none of his growling wit, nor Rupert of Hentzau any of his gaillard villany. Tarlenheim, who tells the story, is a mush of loyalty; the two new agents of light and darkness—the English valet and the Swiss Bauer—are stagily stiff; and, spite of very clever contrivances in plot and movement, the whole thing reaches the point of bathos till we exclaim in the words of the poet, Herwegh,

> "'Wir haben lang genug geliebt,
> Wir wollen endlich hassen."

The book, with its predecessor, is published in a handsome new edition, with illustrations by Gibson. We have not yet heard of a street being named for the hero. That may come. What we hope will not come is a sequel to this sequel; but in the last chapter we read that Rudolph's black-haired brother, Lord Burlesdon, has said, "Tell her Majesty that there is still a Rassendyll if she has need of one"—and we tremble lest we be hoping against Hope.

When a new book by Félix Gras is announced, particularly if Mrs. Janvier be the translator, then, in the words that Burne-Jones once wrote on the appearance of Mr. Thackeray's new novel, 'The Newcomes,' "it is time also for the critic altogether to take up a new position, and descend from his seat of judgment to one of testimony." Glad testimony we bear, accordingly, to the power, value, and interest of this second story of the terrible Revolution by Gras. A sequel to 'The Reds of the Midi,' that work beloved of two continents, this book has many of the same characters; but the little peasant hero Pascalet has disappeared to fight for his country on the frontier, and by and by to drift into Napoleon's service, and his little love, the aristocrat Adeline, is the centre of the later story and its blood-curdling adventures. How we shudder when the brutal Surto and La Jacarasse track her to her hiding-place! How we love the good people who at their own risk conceal and shelter her! How the flesh creeps at the horrors dissolving into horrors that long surround her, and how sweet is escape! To leave gory Paris in a carrier's cart—to breathe the fresh country air of the road to Lyons—it is not only Adeline and the motherly Lazuli who feel the relief, it is ourselves; we too are cheered, when afraid, by our honest driver's courage, as we travel slowly towards our very home, Avignon; not so slowly, in truth, as if our good Jean Caritous had not a horse with four white feet, which, as all good Provençaux know, means the right of way over every other carrier on the road. These files of carts we meet are carrying cheese or saffron or madder to Paris; perhaps convent bells to be cast into cannon. Our brave Jean, so soon as he hears their bells jangle and long before they are in sight, cracks out gay songs with his whiplash, and their drivers answer back with their whips, flicking out each one the song of his region. Even stories of robbers and wolves cannot daunt us—is not Jean Caritous our driver?

It is pleasant to dwell on this pastoral interlude between the awful months in Paris and those in Avignon, where even loyal friendship cannot safely harbor the Aristocrat, but only help her to another flight. We suspect that we shall one day hear more of her, and shall assist to his end her chief persecutor, who remains at large here, but whom no novelist will be content to leave permanently in possession of his neck. The theatrical character of this villain is the only blur on the reality of the story. Amenities we expect to dispense with in a chronicle of the Terror, and we face uncomplainingly, though we may wince, the bloody knives of a hundred assassins and the descriptions of the indescribable; but about Calisto (if one is to step for the briefest space from testimony to judgment) there is a stage-scoundrel air that tries the nerves more than horrors, and gives to this recital the least little quality of factitiousness which was conspicuously wanting in its predecessor. But it yields not at all to that in movement or in poetry—a work that could not have been written by any but a Provençal and a singer, nor put into such English by any but by one who had long and intimately listened to the minstrelsy of the Midi.

In Lilian Bell's short stories there is so much of delicacy, cleverness, and charm that one is tantalized at the narrow missing of complete mastery of her art. Her pictures of Mississippi life in all the "decay and carelessness of the South" are delicious morsels of appreciation. So are some of her sketches of feminine character. Locomotives and strikes she has less happily treated, and she is everywhere more successful in episode than in plot. But it is well, in justice, to remember that she has here and there been hampered by the form of the Christmas story, a species of literature which, as it exists at present, should not emerge from the periodical to be put between covers. To stumble into Christmas candles without warning is too like the shock of an unexpected meeting with Pitcher's Castoria or the habiliments of Plymouth Rock.

We find 'Phases of an Inferior Planet' inferior even to the Planet, which is Earth, and of which to some extent it is. It deals with a heroine who is sorely in need of juvenile discipline, and with a hero for whom a bad habit of writing essays on both sides of a question in college days made it possible that he should become, first a scientist, then an agnostic priest in a ritualistic church where there is a stained-glass window of a smiling Christ in a purple robe. The novelist has undoubtedly thought deeply on many phases of life; but with much that is real there is a mass of shallow science, shallow art, and shallow feeling. What she has treated with thoroughness is the detail of the heroine's life. No woman but one ever had so much printed about her. Indeed, from the internal evidence afforded by that which constitutes the sincerest flattery, we hazard a guess that the author of this novel has read and admires 'The Beth Book.' Mariana Musin is greatly addicted to opaline pallor, green and amber lights in the eyes, violet shadows on her face, and heavy hair; yes, of course, heavy, aureole-like, dry brown hair. The hero reckons among his features eyes with one pupil hazel, the other gray; this is unusual even in heroes, but then Mariana must have had more than the usual number of hands, for we read that "she lifted a glass of sherry, and, lighting a cigarette, sprang upon the music-stool." He and she met by chance upon the fire-escape which constituted the piazza to their home in a Ninth Avenue fourth-story front, and their romance goes forward there among geranium-pots under the chaperonage of the Elevated Railroad, for "Mariana was famished for romance, but not for the romance of the street," having "an instinctive aversion to things common and of vulgar intent." Thus we are continually being reminded what evil she did not do; and, instead of being left free to get what little amusement we might from a few clever epigrams, a few sharp-eyed analyses of human nature, a few well-drawn bits of realism, and a plot not without power, spite of some absurdities, we are kept in a protracted quiver on the edge of things unutterable but half-uttered. Disagreeable rather than immoral, the story is written in a style that includes many kinds of objectionableness.

Compared with nineteenth-century complexity, introspection, and vivisection, a tale of eighteenth-century life in London and Dublin, with its frivolity, scandals, and unabashed rakishness, reads cool, clean, and pleasant. 'The Fatal Gift' has, moreover, other virtues than the unobjectionable relation of vices. It is a lively picture of eighteenth-century manners incidental to a sprightly, even rattling, history of the two beautiful Miss Gunnings. We follow them as they rise from their Irish bog till they set in blazes of ducal glory. We see them unknown, neglected, emerging into fame on the shoulders of Ann Bellamy, the actress, and Tom Sheridan, her manager; then as celebrities, mobbed by admirers, hissed by rivals, lampooned by Grub Street, betted about at White's, fought over at Chalk Farm, supping at Vauxhall, dancing at the Duchess of Bedford's masquerade, converted to the gray garments of grief by Whitefield, dancing back to pink taffeta at the prospect of coronets. Their father, the prototype of the Irish father of fiction and drama, is drawn in all the swelling paternal pride and tearful bombast of that rôle. The mother would not disgrace the pages of Thackeray, as a picture of the maternal toad-eater run incoherently mad. The sweet sagacity of Betty Gunning and the wild Irishry of Maria are happily contrasted, while different from both, yet also sweet, sagacious, and wild Irish, stands out the likeness of Ann Bellamy. It is a taking and well-told story full of Irish wit, and it will have the pleasing consequence of sending its readers to their bookshelves for their Horace Walpole, to renew old acquaintance, and to compare historic gossip with semi-historic fiction.

A story to be read with interest and pleasure is Mr. Maartens's latest one—'Her Memory.' We have not the elaborateness nor the intense qualities of 'God's Fool' or 'The Greater Glory,' but there is a naturalness, a spontaneousness, a healthfulness which are better. One hardly knows why the story is interesting. It is the very slightest. The long mourning of a husband for his wife,

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his grief slowly giving way to apathy; the putting his hand to the plough at duty's call, the aftermath of a partly reawakened interest in life; his little girl's progress through her long array of educators; the mother-in-law disapproving but beloved; the worldly, kind, shallow, wise half-love of earlier days who comes to the rescue—there is nothing startling in all this. But there is a grace of epigram, a prick of humor, that lends charm to Mr. Maartens's strength of conviction and lightness to his thoroughness in social studies. We say this with the greater alacrity that we have found the nervous tension of some of his novels an obstacle to satisfaction. His cynicism, though never insincere, has often seemed ill-controlled. In his slighter arraignments of society he is the more impressive for that very lightness of touch. The deep note is not indeed lacking. The widower, at the moment when he half-heartedly remarries, finds that he is an artist, and might well have pursued the art he feared to belittle. The daughter loyally receives her step-mother at the very instant when she has ceased to need one. The half-forlorn suggestion of inopportunity stalking hand in hand with fulfilment is characteristic of Mr. Maartens's genius. His silver linings have ever a cloud. However, as Lady Mary was amiable, shrewd, and most amusing, we may reasonably hope that they all lived happy ever after.

'A Lover's Revolt' is one-fourth novel and three-fourths colored photography, but photography that is picturesque as well as realistic. The subject is the dawning of the American Revolution; the place, naturally, Boston and its suburbs; the time, the months that lay between the closing of the port and the evacuation of Boston, including Lexington, Concord, Bunker Hill, and Boston surrounded. There are face-to-face glimpses of Warren, Gage, Putnam, and Prescott; and there are minor lights unknown to fame, who ride and spy and fight, and who carry on their shoulders the rather uneasy burden of a love-story. Of Boston, abandoned to Tories, trying to keep itself fed and amused, there is an effective, if not fine-lined, sketch; of the battles there are descriptions that take the reader into them more realizingly than many more pretentious accounts. The God-fearing Yankee, the conscienceless, self-seeking Yankee, the slab-sided Yankee with the saintly smile and Roman nose, the courtly, son-of-England Yankee, are here, musket to shoulder, depicted with a naïve energy which carries the reader along through many a literary slough, deriding, perhaps, but arriving. The author's abundant command of Yankee dialect not infrequently overflows into the zone beyond his quotation marks, but what matters it that a man says "shut of" or "a terrible long way," if he takes one bodily through Lexington and Concord on June 17, 1775? Or shall we murmur even though he relapses into modern slang, "clean-shaved mugs," "light-blue optics," or that he writes down a Tory belle as saying, "She is figuring to hook him again," when he has let one see Gen. Howe spring from his seat at the play, shouting, "Officers, to your posts!" in response to the cry of the usher at the door, "The enemy are attacking Bunker Hill"? There is an obvious intention to be just to England, combined with an equally obvious patriotic rage that independence has not made us independent of English opinion. This finds amusing expression in a page of verse following the story. As novel, to sum up, we find this work light in the balance; as a story that says its say vigorously, entertainingly, and (spite of blemishes alluded to) in good, no-nonsense fashion, it may be commended to the Anglo-American alliance. The one-half will enjoy it for its historic reminding, the other for the Yankee dialect it so grand-seriously loves.

A list of books that celebrate fighting in Ruritania, France, and Massachusetts, is fitly closed with mention of Mr. Harold Frederic's "Book of Two Wars," the volume being made up of four stories, two of our civil war and two anent the Wars of the Roses. Boys figure as the heroes, and boys, with others, will find good reading in these pages, though in the case of the first story we confess to an old-fashioned scruple as to letting our boys sympathize with desertion or deserters, however we may honor the filial passion. There is always internal evidence of intimate acquaintance which carries its own proof of fidelity when Mr. Frederic writes of life in the early sixties in the interior counties of New York State; and both his American heroes come from Juno Mills, close to the Adirondack region. The change of scene to Bosworth Field and Tewkesbury ushers in picturesque contrast, and here again the author's intelligent pen is seen to be felicitously at home. It did not need the death of Mr. Frederic to lend interest to these stories, but it adds to the regret for his loss, to think how few story-tellers have his beautifully unaffected, impersonal style.

CHILDREN'S BOOKS.—III.

The possible forms of queer and uncouth beasts were not exhausted, it would seem, by Gothic sculptors. Here are two books, published by R. H. Russell, 'Sybil's Garden of Pleasant Beasts,' by Sybil and Katharine Corbet, and 'An Awful Alphabet,' by Oliver P. Tunk, both containing some monstrosities beside which the grotesques of Notre Dame pale. 'The New Noah's Ark,' by J. J. Bell (John Lane), adds, moreover, some unfabled monsters to its irrelevantly spotted versions of better-known creatures; but it is only fair to say that confusion to the youthful mind is here guarded against to the extent of admitting the gobo's "recent discovery." Some of the nonsense verses which accompany these pictures are better than ordinary. Many a child will smile sadly to read,

> "Some people like the Cod because
> He's good to bake or boil.
> But every child must love the fish
> Who gives such pleasant oil."

Old Mother Goose, though her faults have been so often mercilessly exposed, still comes up smiling. Every holiday gives her one or more new gowns, arrayed in which she takes her old accustomed way straight to the hearts of the little nursery people. Some 'New Mother Goose Pictures' drawn by Chester Loomis show our old favorites, Little Miss Muffet, and Little Bo-Peep, Jack Sprat, Simple Simon, and all the rest, at their usual occupations, and no whit less engaging because drawn with skill and taste. If any child desires to know the further adventures of Little Bo-Peep as she searches for the tails of her unlucky sheep, he will find them told in serio-comic verses in 'Little Bo-Peep Continued,' by R. K. Munkittrick, with pictures by Chester Loomis. Here he will see her on her travels, meeting Old Mother Hubbard and her dog, and having a lift on the white horse of that eccentric lady who added "toe-bells" to her riding outfit. 'Nursery Tales,' told in gayly colored pictures half cut from their pages, ready to make a fine paper-doll game, will amuse the little ones too young to read, while a sage older sister or aunt tries to conceal her interest in "showing them how." All three of these books are published by R. H. Russell.

To criticise a play simply from a reading of its text is rather like judging a pudding from its cook-book recipe; but, whatever its acting qualities, excuse enough may be found for the play of 'Alice in Wonderland' compiled by Emily Prime Delafield (Dodd, Mead & Co.), in the pleasure to be given by the mere assembling of the characters and recitation of some of the poems and dialogue which a whole generation has enjoyed in Lewis Carroll's books. That the sequence of events is quite changed is small matter. One order does as well as another; and, of course, in a play the scene-shifter must be considered. Among useful stage directions would be an indication how the Cheshire cat manages to leave her grin behind her when she disappears. That she does it some way or other is plain from Alice's comment: "A grin without a cat is the most astonishing thing that I've seen in all my life."

"A book of modern fairy tales" is the brief classification, and, perhaps, condemnation, of Barrington Macgregor's 'King Longbeard' (John Lane). But we hasten to add that "for those who like that sort of thing this will be just the kind of thing they will like." It is beautifully printed in clear large type, though insufficiently leaded; the illustrations are by Charles Robinson, fantastic and clever; the text is lively with quips and puns, and sprinkled with quite accidental intimations that the author knows many things which he is too wise to tell—in fairy stories.

The first of its seven short stories gives a name to F. Anstey's book, 'Paleface and Redskin' (D. Appleton & Co.). There is plenty of fun in all the stories, whether of Indian adventure (in the paddock and back garden), of good little girls and slightly blasé fairies, of dear little naughty dogs, of dolls, or sugarplums; and there is besides a quality which even children will often appreciate, and which makes the most infantile subject of interest to their elders, namely, a quickness to discern and deftness in expressing mental processes and motives of action.

A little book called 'Sun, Moon, and Stars' (John Lane) is not an elementary astronomy, but a collection of pictures and verses for children by E. Richardson, of which the first in order happens to be about the heavenly bodies. The verses are middling, and might safely be worse, for it is pretty certain that children will not read them, as they are printed entirely in capitals, and not regular type at that. It would be quite an effort for many a child of eight or ten years to pick out these words, and few children will give themselves the trouble merely to read about skies and woods and sunshine and rain. That taste comes later. The pictures deserve much higher praise, and some of them are delightful, so simple in method—a few lines and spots of black and white, and the whole wide landscape charmingly suggested.

J. T. Trowbridge is too well-known a writer to need much comment. 'Two Biddicut Boys' (The Century Co.) will be welcomed

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by that large class of girls and boys who like the modern story of real life. That a lively dog—a circus dog, moreover—is the real hero of the book, will still further commend it.

Old "Brer B'ar" need not be ashamed to recognize one of his relatives in the jolly 'Arkansaw Bear' whose mythical adventures are told by Albert Bigelow Paine (R. H. Russell). The bear Horatio plays "The Arkansaw Traveller" upon his violin while Bosephus, his boy companion, sings improvised verses descriptive of their situation, and so they roam about together making their fortune by their little performances, and amusing each other by conversation betweenwhiles. The numerous pictures are by Frank Ver Beck.

Mr. W. J. Stillman, in the preface to his 'Little Bertha' (London: Grant Richards), utters something very like an apology for having written a "modern fairy story." Really, little apology is needed on that score, for though the language is modern, the elements of the tale are thoroughly time-seasoned—a wise and good father, a gentle and beautiful mother, fairy gifts showered upon Bertha's cradle, an orphaned youth, and a series of tests from each of which she emerges not only triumphant but newly armed; and, finally, as crown and reward of all, marriage with a handsome king. All this is told with serious care, and never a touch of flippancy to make the reader doubt the writer's belief in his own tale, and with no pictures to destroy his trust in the superlative beauty for which all good fairies and all good women are justly celebrated. Truly, the modern element is small here, and reduces itself mainly to a lack of horrors. If there were only a few malicious fairies or wicked mortals who were properly treated as an accompaniment to the wedding gayeties at the end, Mr. Stillman might plausibly pretend that the story was only a translation of a lately discovered Middle-Age manuscript.

A fly's autobiography, 'Buz-Buz,' by Charles Stuart Pratt (Lothrop Publishing Co.), may prove an eye-opener to eager young learners. Such an introduction to the life of one little creature will help them to observe many another for themselves.

A pleasant story of the doings of three little girls and one boy who shared the many joys of country life, is 'Marjory and her Neighbors,' by Louise E. Catlin (Lothrop Publishing Co.). Boating, coasting, skating, picnicking, dolls and pets, all have a record here; while an incident of burglars, and a hair-breadth escape from drowning, serve to keep things from getting monotonous.

Corona and Coronet. By Mabel Loomis Todd. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1898.

The author of this book has chosen an alliterative but apt and descriptive title. She is the helpful companion in the frequent travels of her husband, Prof. David P. Todd, who, being an astronomer set to pursue shadows, cannot long remain at home. She has written an entertaining volume on 'Total Eclipses of the Sun,' and her papers in the *Century* on her experiences in Japan in 1887 are pleasantly remembered. This well-illustrated and indexed volume of nearly 400 pages is a narrative of the Amherst Eclipse Expedition to Japan, in Mr. D. Willis James's schooner-yacht *Coronet*, to observe the sun's total obscuration on the 9th of August, 1896.

Mrs. Todd treats of the ocean voyage from San Francisco to Japan and back; of Hawaii, and of Southern and Northern Japan, or Hondo and Yezo. The eclipse expedition proper consisted of nine persons—the captain and his wife, the astronomer and his wife, an ex-United States navy engineer, and four gentlemen of scientific training, making a very congenial party. The fascinating element of personal adventure is blended with the charm of a clear, straightforward style, and the general arrangement of material is excellent. The overland journey to the Pacific was accomplished in April. While rotary snow-ploughs kept the tracks clear of snow, yet no "cow-catcher" or other machinery could keep off or shovel away pads, pencils, and reporters, for the journalists along the route were unceasing in their desire for portraits and copy. Long before arriving at San Francisco, the one woman of the party had to take "up the flag which the men hauled down," and was left as a lone expert to answer questions about plans, objects, incidents, and personnel.

The passengers soon learned what a superbly seaworthy vessel they were upon. In one trip round the world, four trips to Europe, and two to the West Indies, the *Coronet* never lost so much as a bucket from her deck or met with any serious mishaps. She was dry and comfortable in all weathers, able to keep the sea and make passages with almost a steamer's regularity. Mrs. Todd describes with delight and enthusiasm the equipment and furniture of the dainty sailer. Several chapters are devoted to society, politics, education, and the aspects of nature and man in the Hawaiian republic (as it was then). In these islands the late Miss Kate Field uttered her last words in Mrs. Todd's presence. Of leprosy, the author says:

"No such feeling as we have always connected with this horrible disease, and which poets and novelists have sometimes treated in ghastly fashion, troubles the Hawaiian native. His lack of dread is often the means of his contracting the disease. Transmitted largely through the saliva, all the members of a family, clean and unclean, continue to dip their fingers in the common bowl of *poi*. Unlike the white leprosy of Syria, this form is, thus far, equally incurable."

Yet leprosy alone does not cause death, and children born of leper parents are healthy and often escape the disease.

Four weeks at sea brought the voyagers to the Mikado's domain. The chapter on "Japan Revisited" is very suggestive. The track of the eclipse lay across the northeastern end of Yezo. With all that modern science, Yankee ingenuity, and the last refinements of experimental skill could suggest, the precious minutes of the eclipse were waited for. Meanwhile the ladies in the party visited first southern Hondo, seeing Kioto, Nara, and the Inland Sea, and then the interior of Yezo. The descriptions of the Ainu and their villages are valuable, interesting, and trustworthy. When summer's climax came upon Esashi, the programme was found to have been arranged with exactness long before. At half-past two in the afternoon perceptible darkness crept onward, as the moon moved across the face of the sun till his crescent grew thin and wan. Soon ships, sea, and mountain faded into colorlessness, and a chill fell across the land. Then in a moment unearthly night enveloped all.

"With an indescribable out-flashing at the same instant the corona burst forth in mysterious radiance. But dimly seen through thin cloud, it was nevertheless beautiful beyond description, a celestial flame from some unimaginable heaven. Simultaneously the whole northwestern sky, nearly to the zenith, was flooded with lurid and brilliant orange, across which drifted clouds slightly darker, like flecks of liquid flame or huge ejecta from some vast volcanic hades, the west and southwest being in shining lemon yellow."

Strangely enough, when the tiniest globule of sunlight reapppeared, the fair corona and all color in sky and cloud withdrew, and a natural aspect of stormy twilight returned. The corona was noticeably flattened at the poles and extended equatorially. Esashi had vindicated its choice, proving the best place—that is, the clouds on that day were thinnest there. The corona light was not strong enough to be caught on the photographs exposed upon the boats. On land only a few pictures of the blurred image were taken. An experiment for Roentgen rays seemed to indicate their presence in coronal light. Prof. Todd's electrical apparatus demonstrates that a great number of instruments can be employed in recording the corona automatically, thus dispensing with a multitude of assistants and virtually lengthening the precious minutes of totality.

The author is very keen in her perceptions and accurate in her statements and renderings of Japanese words, so much so that it seems a pity that even such slight solecisms as "Yeddo" for Yedo, and "Kuro-Shiwa" for "-shiwo" occur on her pages.

Wild Animals I Have Known, and 200 Drawings. By Ernest Seton Thompson. Scribners. 1898. 8vo, pp. 359.

The motive of this charming book reminds us of the more formal treatise on the personality of animals by Prof. Shaler, reviewed at length in these columns not long ago, though the method is entirely different. Both books bear upon the kinship of man with other animals; bespeak kindly, sympathetic feelings towards our fellow-creatures of a lower order than ourselves; and dwell upon the marked individuality or personal peculiarities which every beast will be found to possess when studied closely enough. Prof. Shaler gave us the more scientific aspect of the theme which Mr. Thompson now presents from a more artistic point of view. The latter strikes his keynote in these passages of his preface, p. 12:

"The fact that these stories are true is the reason why all are tragic. The life of a wild animal *always has a tragic end.*"

"We and the beasts are kin. Man has nothing that the animals have not at least a vestige of, the animals have nothing that man does not in some degree share. Since, then, the animals are creatures with wants and feelings differing in degree only from our own, surely they have their rights."

By way of pointing out an extreme case of human possibility in the brutes, let us ask, who would imagine a Jekyl and Hyde dog? But there are such. Mr. Thompson tells us the story of Wully, the mongrel sheep-dog, and elsewhere speaks of another case (p. 11)—

"a similar yaller dog who long lived the double life—a faithful sheep-dog by day, and a bloodthirsty, treacherous monster by night. Such things are less rare than is supposed, and since writing these stories I have heard of another double-lived sheep-dog that added to its night amusements the crowning barbarity of murdering the smaller dogs of the neighborhood. He had killed twenty and hidden them in a sand-

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pit, when discovered by his master. He died just as Wully did."

One can never be indifferent to tragedy, and Mr. Thompson holds our unflagging interest in his stories. He knows his animals as individual characters, and sets forth their lives vividly, making us feel for and with them, through all their vicissitudes to the appointed death by violence. Not that these lives are all sad—on the contrary, there is plenty of fun, and keen enjoyment of living, and development of all sorts of traits; it is the inevitableness of fate that lends a sombre undertone to the whole recital. The treatment of these themes is not less artistic with the pen than with the pencil, in both of which modes of expression Mr. Thompson shows himself easily master of his subject.

The eight stories are of Lobo the wolf, "King of Currumpaw"; Silverspot the crow; Ruggylug the cottontail rabbit; Bingo the dog; the Springfield fox; the pacing mustang; Wully the "yaller" dog above mentioned; and Redruff the partridge. Each is illustrated with one or more full-page plates, which merit more than a mere word of praise. Mr. Thompson is now drawing the best mammals of any American artist; from a strictly technical or zoölogical standpoint they surpass his birds, in fact, and in the present case he has been able to give his fancy free play in depicting the sentiments and passions of animals, and the shifting scenes in their personal lives, as true to nature as their mere forms. It is not easy to pick out one of the stories in point of our remarks, they are all so good; but the Springfield fox particularly arrested our attention and excited our sympathy. Compare the plates of p. 196, p. 202, and p. 218—the cruel complacency and exultation of the first, the cunning and expectancy of the next, the utter woe of the third, where Vixen watches "like Rizpah" by her dead cubs, stretched stiff-legged in the snow—we can even see that their noses are cold!

This is artistic fidelity to nature in high degree—a kind of realism that the technical naturalist requires, to which is added that lifelikeness which satisfies the most ardent imagination. Besides these striking plates, the broad margins of the pages are utilized with more than 150 very telling thumbnail sketches, as a sort of running commentary on the text. Nothing of equal simplicity could be more effective than these little oddities and whimsies. The book is thoroughly good, both in purpose and execution; it should find a wide circle of interested readers, to whose sympathies it appeals so strongly and so humanly.

Music and Manners in the Classical Period. By Henry Edward Krehbiel. Scribners.

Mr. Krehbiel's latest contribution to musical literature consists of chapters on five different subjects, whose chief bond of union is that they relate mainly to the last century. The first part, headed "A Poet's Music," describes a "laborious collection of manuscript music that Gray compiled in Italy while frivolous Horace Walpole was eating iced fruits in a domino to the sound of a guitar." This collection, nine volumes, was given by Mr. Bangs, the auctioneer, to Mrs. C. M. Raymond (Annie Louise Cary), from whose hands they passed to the shelves of Mr. Krehbiel. His detailed description of these volumes most readers will probably pass over as they do the catalogue of ships in the 'Iliad.' The chapter discussing Gray's musical taste will entertain antiquarians only. With the chapter "Last Century Singers" more interesting ground is reached. That it was "the day of artificiality in music as well as in manners" is an assertion in proof of which some curious facts are cited, such as this: "Though half of the singers were men and half women, nine-tenths of the voices were sopranos and contraltos." The second section of Mr. Krehbiel's book is devoted to an examination of a diary which Haydn kept in his first visit to London in 1791-2, and which Pohl utilized in his book, 'Mozart and Haydn in London.' It contains some quaint details, ranging from musical impressions to recipes for preserving milk. A special chapter treats of "His English Love," a flirtation with an Englishwoman whose letters to Haydn are here printed—for no obvious reason, as they are stupid and illiterate and throw no new light on the composer.

In "Social and Artistic Salzburg" Mr. Krehbiel gives an amusing description of the Mozart festival at Salzburg, which, though it took place in 1891, was essentially mediæval in its atmosphere—including that of the small theatre, which apparently had not been renovated for centuries. Under the head of "Da Ponte in New York," an interesting character, half artist, half vagabond, the librettist of Don Giovanni, is freshly revealed. Though he lived for years in New York and was buried here, Mr. Krehbiel was not able to find his grave after devoting weeks to the search. The account of his life and ambitions makes the most entertaining pages in this volume and embodies the materials for a romance. There are chapters on "The Beethoven Museum at Bonn" and "The Influence of Goethe and Liszt," but next to the Da Ponte chapters the most valuable portion of the book relates to Alexander Wheelock Thayer, who devoted his whole life to preparing a biography of Beethoven. Of this Mr. Krehbiel is at present preparing a condensed edition for the Scribners. From notebooks of Thayer placed at his disposal, several pages of details regarding Beethoven are here printed, some of them new, including the confession that his favorite among his symphonies was the "Eroica."

The Encyclopædia of Sport. Edited by the Earl of Suffolk and Berkshire, Hedley Peek, and F. G. Aflalo. G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1898. 2 vols.

The best books grow; they are not made. This encyclopædia, issued in parts during the past two years, and now complete in two well-proportioned quartos, owes its excellence not only to the editors and their numerous collaborators, but also to the time and country that produced it. No nation has shown so deep-rooted and widespread love for out-door sport as the mother country. No period has produced a larger number of creditable and entertaining books on life in the open air than the present. Out of this literature, composed of series of books like the Badminton Library, and of single volumes like Jefferies's 'Red Deer,' Buxton's 'Short Stalks,' and Whymper's 'Scrambles amongst the Alps,' there has grown an authoritative and instructive work of reference, which at the same time illustrates vividly the superabundant vigor and daring that have taken the Briton to every quarter of the globe, in search of the pleasure that is never separate from toil and hardship.

The wanderings of the feet of the young men who have listened to the call of the red gods, and the contributions to our scientific knowledge that they have brought back, are alike recorded in a manner concise and entertaining. One will look long to find more accurate pictures, more exact descriptions of rare birds and beasts, than are contained in these pages. Seldom do books of adventure contain a more thrilling passage than that in which Mr. F. C. Selous describes the attack of a hungry lioness; and in many articles bits of personal experience make the reader forget that the pages are those of an encyclopædia.

As a book of reference, it is well up to date. Championships and athletic records are revised to the time of the publication of the separate parts. The triumphs of the American jockey Tod Sloan, at Epsom, and the speed of the stallion Star Pointer at Boston are duly mentioned. The 'Encyclopædia' is especially strong in the number of signed articles and in the names that are appended to them. Of the one hundred and eighty contributors a large number are recognized, even on this side the Atlantic, as experts. The editors have been fairly successful in securing from these writers a treatment of each subject reasonably full and explicit, and yet proportioned to its importance and the character of the work. There are some marked exceptions, and we wonder if the death of the titled editor before the completion of the work accounts for the failure to condense the elaborate but diffusely written article on yachting which Lord Dunraven contributed to the last number. Occupying twice the space of any other contribution, it lacks the glossary and bibliography usually appended. For either of these the reader could well exchange the column in which is detailed the history of the manufacturing firm that supplied the *Valkyrie* with sails.

There has been an effort to have the book meet the requirements of Americans as well as Englishmen. Col. Roosevelt has written eleven articles relating to sport in the United States. A dozen of our countrymen have treated such subjects as Football, Lawn Tennis, Rowing, and Yachting from our standpoint. Yet the work constantly reminds one of the different and far more serious way in which the subject as a whole is regarded abroad. It is well instanced by the inclusion of an article on a local game like Knurr and Spell, by the extended treatment of First Aid, *i. e.*, what should be done in case of accidents, and by the exclusion of popular juvenile sports, like marbles and kite-flying.

An index with more than three thousand entries ought to meet all requirements. It does not. A hasty trial of it shows no clue to the important paragraph on Basket Ball found on page 510 of the second volume, no allusion under Hare and Hounds to the detailed information given in the same volume about that famous game as now played at Rugby, and no reference to the page where, under the heading Obsolete Sport, may be found an account of bull-baiting as practised in England at the beginning of this century. Despite the defects and limitations mentioned, the mechanical execution of the work is so fine, its forty full-page plates are so beautiful, and the merits of the text are so great, that the holiday season rarely pre-

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sents a worthier claimant for the attention of lovers of good books.

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Benson, E. F. The Money Market. Philadelphia: Drexel Biddle.
Bierce, Ambrose. Fantastic Fables. Putnams. $1.
Bismarck, Otto von. Reflections and Reminiscences. 2 vols. Harpers. $7.50.
Briefwechsel zwischen Franz Liszt und Hans von Bülow. Leipzig: Breitkopf & Härtel.
Brontë, Charlotte. Jane Eyre. 2 vols. [Thornton Edition.] London: Downey & Co.; New York: Scribners. $4.
Bülow, Hans von. Briefe und Schriften. Vol. IV. Leipzig: Breitkopf & Härtel.
Carrington, Fitz Roy. The Queen's Garland. Chosen Lyrics of the Reign of Queen Elizabeth. R. H. Russell. 75c.
Carroll, Stella W., and Clarence F. Around the World. Second Book. Morse Co.
Castlemon, Harry. The Ten-Ton Cutter. Philadelphia: H. T. Coates & Co.
Church Sociables and Entertainments. Doubleday & McClure Co. 50c.
Clarke, W. J. Commercial Cuba. Scribners. $4.
Coe, C. H. Red Patriots. The Story of the Seminoles. Cincinnati: Editor Publishing Co.
Cooper, J. F. The Last of the Mohicans. Leach, Shewell & Co. 50c.
Corvo, Baron. Stories Toto Told Me. John Lane. 35c.
Davis, Prof. J. D. A Dictionary of the Bible. Philadelphia: Westminster Press.
Davis, R. H. The Cuban and Porto Rican Campaigns. Scribners. $1.50.
Dickens, Charles. A Child's History of England. [Gadshill Edition.] Scribners. $1.50.
Dixon, Prof. W. M. In the Republic of Letters. Scribners. $1.25.
Dobson, Austin. Miscellanies. Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.25.
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Dumas, Alexandre. La Question d'Argent. Boston: D. C. Heath & Co. 30c.
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Field, Lilian F. An Introduction to the Study of the Renaissance. Scribners. $1.50.
Fischer, Prof. Rudolf. Zu den Kunstformen des Mittelalterlichen Epos. Leipzig: Wilhelm Braumüller.
FitzGerald, Edward. Rubáiyát of Omar Khayyám. Decorated by W. B. Macdougall. Macmillan. $3.50.
Gates, Ellen M. H. On Christmas Day. Putnams. 50c.
Gibson, Edward, Lord Ashbourne. Pitt: Some Chapters of his Life and Times. Longmans, Green & Co.
Gowdy, Jean L. Ideals and Programmes. Syracuse: C. W. Bardeen. 75c.
Grahame, Kenneth. Dream Days. John Lane. $1.25.
Green, Prof. A. H. First Lessons in Modern Geology. Oxford: Clarendon Press; New York: Henry Frowde.
Guiney, Louise L. "England and Yesterday." A Book of Short Poems. London: Grant Richards.
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